

390
E P I G R A M S

OF
MARTIAL, &c.

WITH
M O T T O S

FROM
H O R A C E, &c.

TRANSLATED, IMITATED, ADAPTED,
and ADDRESS
TO THE

NOBILITY, CLERGY, and GENTRY.
With NOTES MORAL, HISTORICAL, EXPLANATORY and HUMOROUS.

Vix ea nostra voco! —

VIRGIL.

*Into such popularity THESE THINGS are grown,
That in truth I can hardly call them my own.*

By the Rev. Mr. SCOTT, M. A.
Late of TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

L O N D O N :

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Where may be had also, by the same Author,

A SERMON,

ON THE

KING'S ACCESSION,

Preached at the COURT-End of the Town,
and in the City,

On Sunday, October 25, 1772.

Dedicated to

Mr. GARRICK.

(Price SIX-PENCE.)

N. B. Both Entered, at Stationer's Hall,
according to Act of Parliament.

DEDICATION.

T O

GARRICK,
COLMAN, AND FOOTE.

GENTLEMEN,

IF AN INSCRIPTION of *this* sort is by the *Macaroni* taste of the Age reckoned somewhat *out of* Character, I beg pardon of THEIR MOST SERENE DELICACIES: But were MARTIAL and HORACE Themselves now alive, and could have fixed upon a TRIUMVIRATE with *equal* justice and propriety, believe me that I should never have thought of *You*, and consequently had saved both *You* and *Myself* the trouble of this ADDRESS, from

GENTLEMEN,

Your much obliged

And obedient humble Servant,

THE TRANSLATOR.

DEDICATION.

TO THE
GENTLEMEN,
OF THE
MIDDLE TEMPLE,
BY
G. A. R. I. O. K.
COLMAN AND FOOTE.

IF an inscription to this sort is by
the Manner of the Age
known, for which the
begotten of their most serene
Dedication: But were Martin and
Horace T. and his son alive and
could have been seen, I am sure
with equal justice and propriety, I have
me that I should never have thought of
you, and consequently have saved both
you and myself the trouble of this
Address. But now, I am
GENTLEMEN,
I am sure you will be
Gentlemen.

Your most obliged
And obedient humble Servant
The Author.

THE TRANSLATOR'S

ADDRESSES

TO HIS

READERS.

MY LORDS, LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

THE following *Minutiae*, or *Bags o' Tails*, as MAJOR STURGEON very learnedly calls them, were, at first, scribbled at leisure hours from the Duties of his Parish, to please himself: and afterwards revised, corrected, and amended with his best endeavours, and hopes also, to please his kind, candid, and good-natured READERS: being desirous to try what he could do towards their amusement and improvement, both in their *serious* and *laughing* hours, from the *Press* as well

as the *Pulpit*.—As the *Roman Language* is well known by the *Learned* to have a peculiar happiness in *Brevity* and *Perspicuity* for the *EPIGRAMMATICAL* way of *Writing*, the *TRANSLATOR* is too sensible how very far he must fall short here of the great beauties, strength, and spirit of his *ORIGINALS* in his Attempt: and though he understands no other *modern Language* but *his own*, Yet he supposes, from its capaciousness and closeness, that it is as good an *Alambic*, or *Still*, into which to draw off the *Latin*, as any other that is now in use; but it requires an hand very much superior to *his*, and one that has been long and well skilled in the art of *Distillation*, to transfuse its *Æthereal spirit* and *fine essence* into an *English Vessel*, without greatly *evaporating*.—However, he has endeavoured to do his best, and so far hopes that his *Chymical Operation* will be accepted. He hopes also, that his *Learned READERS* will forgive him in his *TRANSLATIONS* and *IMITATIONS* for not sticking so much altogether to the *Letter*, since he has endeavoured to keep up the *Spirit* of his *EPIGRAMS* and *MOTTOES* throughout: it being, perhaps, so far, no less true of *TRANSLATIONS*, &c. than of the *Law of Moses* and

the

the Gospel, viz. "That the LETTER killeth,
"but the SPIRIT giveth Life."—As some
of his READERS, perhaps, may not so well
understand what an EPIGRAM is, or, at
least, have a clear notion of it, He will pre-
sent Them here (as being the most proper
Place) with an explanation of it by that very
ingenious Gentleman, Mr. WARTON, Pro-
fessor of Poetry in Oxford: being the very
best that the TRANSLATOR ever heard, and
will therefore infinitely better explain it than
any thing which he can pretend to say of it
himself.

AN EPIGRAM upon AN EPIGRAM.

One day in Christ-Church Meadows walking,
Of Poetry, and such things talking,

Says RALPH, a merry Wag!

"AN EPIGRAM, if right and good,

"In all it's circumstances should

"Be like a JELLY-BAG."

"Your Simile, I own, is new,

"But how dost make it out?" quoth

HUGH.

Quoth RALPH, "I'll tell thee, Friend!

"Make it o'top both wide, and fit

"To hold a Budget-full of Wit,

"And point it at the end."

The

THE TRANSLATOR'S Attempt here, is rather only a *rough SKETCH* for a far more able Hand to complete THE PIECE; and therefore, was he not at such a distance from THE GREAT WORLD, he could have apply'd many more of his EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES to *Those* in HIGH LIFE, whose Characters are more publicly known, though not with more propriety, perhaps, than to *These* in a LOWER Sphere. What happy effects a little Banter and Rallery have had in former Ages upon the Vices and Follies of Mankind, our two principal Satirists (for *Smartness* and *Good-Nature*) MARTIAL and HORACE, are ample Testimonies! Human Nature is much the same in all Ages: only the more civilized and polished it becomes, the more apt it is, for want of thought and due care, to *shoot forth* into Follies and Absurdities: to *prune* which, RIDICULE, as HORACE himself tells Us, has been always esteemed and found to be the *Knife* most effectual for that purpose: For it very often happens, and well when it does so, "That, by properly aiming the *Shaft* of IRONY and RIDICULE at the Vices and Follies of People of the *best* sense, much more execution has been done, than by playing the whole

Ar-

Artillery of serious and solid Arguments against them?—Why the TRANSLATOR has mentioned MARTIAL and HORACE in particular, is by no means to enter into the comparative Merits of either of Them with JUVENAL and PERSIUS. They have all their respective Merits: But the Courts of AUGUSTUS and DOMITIAN were very different, as is well known to *The Learned*; and this chiefly accounts for their difference in SATIRE;—How far the Courts of CHARLES the SECOND and GEORGE the THIRD may be drawn into a parallel, he is not able to say: not for fear of speaking his Mind (with all due reverence and respect to his SUPERIOURS!) but for want of a better knowledge of, and insight into them, as his very obscure and humble Sphere of Life keeps him at such a great distance from COURT and THE GREAT WORLD; But he only begs leave to ask the following Question, grounded upon an old Observation, and he fears, too true an one: “Have
“ not we there too much of their Wicked-
“ ness without their Wit?” (not that the last is any justification of the first) and yet how strange this is that it should be so! nay, monstrous and inexcusable! when our Nobility and Gentry have every Levee and Drawing-
Room

~~RAW~~ Day, two such bright Mirrors held up before their eyes in which to view Themselves, for *Conjugal, Parental, Domestic, and Social Duties*.—But no more—lest the TRANSLATOR should be charged, or even *suspected*, by Those who don't know him, of A Vice, which he does from his Soul detest and abhor! and therefore can truly say with his ever-admired Friend HORACE:

“*Di bene fecerunt, inopis Me quodque*

puffi
“*Finxerunt animi!*”

Thanks to The Gods! who've form'd Me of a Mind

“Humble, yet honest: *if* severe, yet kind!”

He has now undertaken to serve up at The Public Table, (by way of A NEW YEAR'S DISSENT) a small Dish of various sorts of Fruit: and as there is variety of Constitutions as well as Faces and Opinions, if he has but hit your Palates in general (it being impossible to please *all*) in exhilarating the Mind and amending the Heart, he shall think his time to have been not only most agreeably, but also usefully spent; a taste of which, after Dinner, will do mighty well with a generous glass of Tokay, *Franiac*, or honest Port, to promote Perspiration.

To his Readers.

inspiration by that best Channel of all
LAUGHTER! highly necessary, therefore, to
be brought to Table, directly after the Cloth
is taken away, by his Grace's or Lordship's
Gentleman or Butler, who value their
Masters' healths: to relieve the Statesman
from Public Affairs, and the Woman of Qua-
chant or Citizen when he comes from Change,
and the honest Tradesman behind the Counter,
when his Shop is free from Customers;—
Nay—He will not think his little Book at
all in disgrace, if he should hear it was found
in the Steward's Room, Butler's Pantry,
Mrs. Abigail's Dressing Room, or even
snapped up in an hurry by Mr. John the
Footman, when my Lord's or Lady's Coach
is waiting at the door to take an airing in
Hyde Park, the New Road, or the Environs
of THE CITY:

“For Books, like Dishes, various Palates
strike,

“Since ALL must eat, tho' ALL mayn't
taste alike.”

“To be now,” Gentle Reader, (as WE
say in *The Pulpit*) “drawing towards a
conclusion,” The TRANSLATOR hopes that
the Novelty of his PLAN will recommend it
to

to the favour of *The Public*; for though We have some of MARTIAL'S and many other *Modern EPIGRAMS* dispers'd in various Writers, and excellently well translated: Yet very few, or none, have been so particularly *adapted* and *address'd* as in this *Little Work*.—His excursions now and then into the regions of *Fancy*, particularly the MOTTOS address'd to LORD NORTH, &c. and the EPIGRAMS to Mr. CHARLES Fox, Mr. RIGBY, &c.—will, he also hopes, be excus'd: and therefore has marked his *Translation* or *Imitation* of them with small Figures, as References: His omitting *some* Names, and abridging *others*, is owing to such Motives as the READER'S own Generosity and Humanity will very easily suggest: it being a Point with the TRANSLATOR, never (knowingly or willfully) to lose the character of the *Man* and the *Gentleman* in that of the *Satirist*. But as the word *Satirist* conveys with it the Idea of *Severity* and *Ill-Nature*, He would be very sorry to be considered by his READERS in that disagreeable light: for it must needs be very painfull to any man who is not lost to *all* sensibility, to go into Company, have the whisper go round, “& digito monstrari, & dicier Hic est!” “and pointed at for A SATIRIST!”

No—

No—as *Heaven* and *Himself* can best tell
his own manifold Failings and Infirmities :
if they will please to consider him as a Man
of *Pleasantry* and *Humour* only, the happiness
to done to Him, will be far superiour to the
honour of it!—If it is objected to Him by
some, “ That He is (in general) *rude*, *im-*
pertinent, and *supercilious* :” and by *others* per-
haps, *scurrilous* and *abusive* to his *SUPER-*
RIOURS, especially to his *Reverend FATHERS*
and *BRETHREN*, and thus may bring him
under the imputation of being an *Enemy* to
THE CERGY, He begs leave, in defence of
Himself, to say, “ That he is extremely
sorry to have so much occasion (through
the *Insolent FOLLY* and *CORRUPTION* of
The Times !) to make any observations upon
them at all !” but he hopes that the *sensible*
and *worthy* part of *Them* (with whose good
Opinion, Favour, and Esteem he shall ever
think himself honoured !) will be pleased to
observe, “ That it is by no means *THE*
SACRED FUNCTION at which he aims, but
at the *base* and *mercenary* ends in the disposal
of *CHURCH-PRESENTMENT* : and at those *un-*
worthy Successours of *THE APOSTLES*, who
have so far forgot the dignity of their high
Office of being “ *The Embassadors of Heaven*,”
as to depreciate it’s original and noble value
b with

with the *base Alloy* of *WORLDLY Views* :—
No—He honours that *SACRED ORDER* too
much to be guilty of such ungratefull, un-
dutifull Behaviour : and will præsume to
say, “ That no Man living has a more
profound respect for it, or can have the
worthy part of them in greater esteem and
reverence ;” and to give Them the utmost
proofs he is able of the sincerity and honesty
of his Heart in this point: He does most
seriously and solemnly protest, “ That,
was it in his power, He would buy in all the
IMPROPRIATIONS in *England*, and present
them to the *CHURCH* in a full Convocation ;
and should have as much real Pleasure and
satisfaction in seeing *THE CHURCH's* *Tem-
poralities* restored to her *CLERGY*, as They
could have Themselves, in having the *First
Fruits* and *Tenths* remitted to Them by
“ the *Piety* of an *AUGUSTA* !” If it is,
also, objected to him, “ That he is guilty
of gross *Flattery* and *Adulation* to *THE KING*,
by his complimentary *MOTTOS*, *CARD*, and
NUTES to Him in this Volume of *EPI-
GRAMS*, &c. as also in his *SERMON* ;”—He
begs leave to defend himself by the follow-
ing Answer ;—“ That *those* who start this
Objection, seem to know very little of His
MAJESTY.—For in the *First Place*—The
the

the *Translator* may well be supposed from his own *Obscurity* and vast distance from COURT, to know very little of PERSONS or THINGS there, *Himself*: Yet he will venture to say, That *They* who can justly charge him with this mean, low, paultry, unmanly, ungenerous VICE, know no more of the KING than *He* does.—It is well known that the fulsome Compliments paid to His MAJESTY on his coming to *The Crown*, by two or three COURT CHAPLAINS (the present Dr. W—— and the late Dr. N——) in their Sermons preached at St. James's, (in November 1760) gave HIM such disgust, as that He was heard to express it in *The Drawing Room* after Chapel was over, and an hint was given Them to forbear such Expressions for the future; and therefore, if THE KING's Humility and Good Sense expressed such an aversion then, how much more would it do so now! What the *Translator* has said both here and in his *Sermon*, is only the general Opinion and Voice of ALL THOSE who know HIS MAJESTY well:—Besides—Though the KING is the Fountain Head of all Church and State PREFERMENTS, as nothing is valid without the *Royal Sign Manual*: Yet in the disposal of them, (as Kings in this case must see and

hear with the eyes and ears of others) his **PREMIER** is the *Channel* through which They flow; and therefore if the *Translator* was a *Præferment-Hunter*, it would naturally be expected that *Lord North* should be flattered, and NOT *The King*; (though by the way he is afraid that his *Lordship* will hardly forgive him for his flattering him so much already.) But however—If he is still to be accused of *Flattery*, he rather chose to be thought guilty of it towards the **KING**, as NOT having it in his power to give him any, and therefore is the very last Gentleman in the Kingdom to whom, of himself, he would apply for any! Now this is acting quite contrary to the Way of the World, as Those are most flattered, from whom the most is expected: But the *Translator*, in short, chooses to act thus, (with all due respect and reverence!) rather than give his Mind the *Lye*, or forfeit that which is the best of all Characters in this World, **AN HONEST MAN**! Those that know **THE KING** best, to Them only he desires to appeal; and if They can fairly and justly accuse him of *Flattery*: why then, may he be posted up in all the Public Places of London and Westminster, for the most servile, mean, poultry *Sycophant*, and arrantest *Liar* that ever disgraced

graced his Profession and Country!—Once more, If he is thought rather too tedious in his NOTES, he begs leave to answer, “That he had solely in view the READER’s satisfaction, which would have been *less* indulged, had he been *less* explicit, both as to little historical and other Anecdotes, Morality, and Humour.”——As he has dealt thus *freely* with others: So They have undoubtedly, an equal right to be as pleasant upon *Him*, to which they are most heartily welcome! But let them observe this one thing, “That he has never *once* dipped his Pen in GALL, it being a *Liquor* ever most odious and detestable to him!—” ’Tis true—He has made frequent use of a *Liquor* which the *Greeks* call OXYMEL, that is “a Mixture of HONEY and VINEGAR:” and sometimes, perhaps, the *last* may get the ascendancy over the *first*: But if his *Irony*, *Banter*, *Satire*, call it what You please, is, at any time, thought somewhat severe, it has two of the best pillars in the World to support and recommend it, “viz.” TRUTH and GOOD NATURE!—In former little Publications of his, he has had so many *Arrows* shot at him from *The Critics*, that he is now prepared for their whole *Quiver*: and, among other pleasant strokes, expects to be told with the late Dr. TRAPP,

"Mind but thy *Preaching*. S

"*Translate* no further:

"Is it not written

"Thou shalt do no MURDER!"

As the great Mr. WOLLASTON finely and justly observes, "That there is a great deal of difference between the "*Helluo Librorum*," or, "*mere Book-Worm*," and "the TRUE Scholar:"—So, from the *first*, or the *pretended* Critic, he expects no quarter; and therefore leaves to their generous Sentiments, and *candid* Consideration the two following lines (with a small addition) of the ever-memorable IRISH DEAN,

"Hated by KNAVES and FOOLS, and each to hate,"

"Be that his everlasting *Motto* and his *Fate*!"

But with the *last* (the TRUE Scholar or Critic) he is free from the least fears or apprehensions of experiencing as much Candour as his heart can wish! being fully persuaded of the truth of that well-known and well-grounded Maxim, and with which he will now relieve the patience of his READERS,

"That as the BEST *Christians* are always the MOST FAVOURABLE in their Opinions of *Other Men's Lives and Conversations*:

"so the BEST *Scholars* are always the MOST

"CANDID *Critics*."

December 21, 1772.

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MARTIAL

EPIGRAMS &c.

PART I

TRANSLATIONS,

IMITATIONS, &c.

QUICQUID agunt homines, nostri est
sarrago libelli Juv.

THE folly, vice, and nonsense of the Town,
Are in these various pages fully shewn.

B

— sunt

— sunt certa praeclara, quae te
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello;—
Nemo adeò *ferus* est, ut non unitescere possit,
Si modo *Cultura* patientem commodet aures! HOR.

Some *charms* (perhaps) which in the follow-
ing book
Being thrice read o'er, may give a cheerful
look!

No one's so much the *tiger* or the *bear*,
If but to gentle *discipline* he'll lend a patient
ear.

— si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti: si non, his aere mecum. HOR.

If *better* recipes than *THESE* you know,
Impart them kindly—and I'll take them so:
If not—be fully satisfy'd with *THESE*;
They'll answer quite your purpose, if You
please.

THE (old) vice, and nonsense of the Town.
Are in these various pages fully shown.

INTRODUCTORY EPIGRAM

Ad Lectorem, ubi Libri venales sunt.

QUI tecum cupis esse meos ubicunque
libellos.

Et comites longæ quæris habere viæ:

Hos eme, quos arctat brevibus membrana ta-
bellis.

Scrinia da magnis: me *manus una* capit.

Perlege *Mæonia* cantatas carmine *ranas*,

Et frontem *nugis* solvere disce meis.

Ne tamen ignores ubi sim venalis, & erres

Urbe vagus totâ me dute, certus eris;

Libertum docti *Lucensis* quære **SECUNDUM**,

Limina post *Pacis Palladiumque* forum.

THE TRANSLATOR to the READER, who

Books are sold.

As will in *Fun* give notice as much!

Where you go, if you'd have a few books to
defend you,

And on a long journey have one to attend
you,

Buy

4 INTRODUCTORY EPIGRAM.

Buy those, whose short sides a small skin does
go over,

As for great ones lock up, me your *one hand*
will cover.

Read old *Homer* himself, ev'n there you will
find

Frogs and *mice* waging war, and some things
of like kind;

And if You can be struck with such foibles as
these,

I hope that my *trifles* their readers will please.

But that you may know where I'm sold, and
may not stray

All over the city, I'll shew you the way;

Ask for WILKIE's fam'd shop, near the church
of St. Paul,

Where this book may be had by whoever will
call.

(*Unumquemque*). hominem PAGINA nostra
sapit

Since *All* then have a gentle touch,

Your money here you will not grutch;

Why so?—Because THE BOOK is such

As will in FUN give twice as much!

Where you go, it you'd have a few books to

Ep-

N O T E.

For grudge, only byrthm-fake.

EPICRAMS, &c. translated, &c. 5.

EPIGRAM, LXXIII

Ad MARCUM PRIMUM ANTONIUM, quem
gratulatur de Vita feliciter acta.

Iam numerat placido felix ANTONIUS ævo.

Quindecies actas PRIMUS Olympiadas:

Præteritosque dies, & totos respicit annos,

Nec metuit Lethes jam propioris aquas.

Nulla recordanti lux est ingrata, gravisque

Nulla fuit cuius non meminisse velit;

Ampliat ætatis spatium tibi Vir bonus: hoc
est

Vivere his: Vita posse priore frui.

To the truly Honourable and Venerable NESTOR,
of Seanhope-Street, May-Fair: a Congra-
tulation on a Life happily spent.

While good CHESTERFIELD'S LORD, on
the verge of four-score,

Counts his years in an happy old age;

He with pleasure looks back on his time here-
before.

Nor * fears Lethæ's streams to engage;

N. O. T. E.

* A Poetical description of "Death."

6 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

To a good man's remembrance, each day bears
its price, *M A X I M E*

As the thought's not attended with pain :
For as *Virtus* life lengthens : this is to live
twice,
By enjoying life over again.

EPIGRAM II.

De PAULLA, Vetula dotata.

(1) Nubere Paulla cupit nobis : (2) ego
ducere Paullam

Nolo—(3) Anus est—(4) vellem si magis
esset Anus!

To the Honourable CHARLES Fox, Esq. on
a Proposal made to him to marry a rich old
Maid.

(1) LADY BAB, tho' turn'd fifty, yet
hot I should wed her,

But I being not very willing to marry,
Told a friend, (3) "She was old—(2) so
could ne'er think to bed her,"

And therefore desir'd time longer to tarry ;
At this being nettled, she flew in a rage,
And pouted, as she was ne'er courted be-
fore,

Poh ! said I, I mistook, she is quite under age.

(4) "Oh ! would she was now but an
hundred, or more !"

EPI-

Translated, imitated, &c.

EPIGRAM III.

Ad DECIANUM, Virum integrum.

Si quis erit, raros inter numerandus amicos,
Quales prisca fides, fama que novit anus :
Si quis, Cecropiæ madidus, Latineque Mi-
nervæ

Artibus, aut verâ simplicitate bonus :

Si quis erit recti custos, imitator honesti,

* Et nihil arcans qui roget ore Deos :

Si quis erit magnæ subnixus robore mentis,
Dispaream ! si non hic DECIANUS erit !

*To the Honourable Sir STEPHEN THEODORE
JANSSEN, Bart. Chamberlain of the City of
London.—A Man of Integrity.*

If there's one shall arise amongst all his rare
friends,

Whose fam'd honour and virtue knows no
private ends :

If One, whose great skill leaves us much at a
strife,

If in arts he excels, or most simple in life :

II

§ EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

If One, who's the guardian of Honesty's
cause,

* And in *secret* asks nothing against divine
laws :

If there's One, who on greatness of mind
builds his plan,

May I die, if the CHAMBERLAIN won't be
the man !

EPIGRAM IV.

*Ad Posthūmū, quando ebrium, promittentem
quidlibet, sed necum, nihil peragentem.*

(1) Omnia promittis, cum tota nocte bibisti :

(2) Mane nihil præstas : Posthume, (3)
mane bibe.

N O T E.

* The custom of the *Ancients*, to which this
line alludes, makes the sense of it, in our transla-
tion, appear somewhat strange ; but the *English*
reader will be pleased to observe, " That they
had such a notion of *public* worship, that *private*
prayers were supposed to contain in them some-
thing not altogether so beneficial either to public
or private welfare."

To the Right Hon. RICHARD RIGBY, Esq.
When mellow, promising every Thing, but
when sober, performing nothing.

(1) "You are full of promises, my friend!
When you are drunk all night:
And say that every thing shall end
To all my wishes quite,

(2) "But in the morn you nothing do,
And therefore be advis'd:

(3) "Be drunk both night and morning too,
Your word will then be priz'd.

EPICRAM V.

Ad PRISCUM, de moribus futuri divitis.

Sæpe rogare soles qualis sum, Prisce, futurus,

Si fiam locuples, sique repente potens,

Quemquam posse putas mores narrare futuros?

Dic mihi, si fas tu Lex, qualiteris?

NOT

As they were walking together in the Park.

10 EPICRAMS and METRONS

To WILLIAM PARS, Esq. Portrait-Painter,
in Percy-Street, Tottenham-Court-Road.—

About a Man's future Behaviour was he
Great.

You've often been used, thy good friends, for
to ask

What sort of a man I might prove
Was I rich or soon great? but 'tis no easy
task,

For 'saith I can't tell you, by Jove! (2)

For who do You think, of the men that are
here *

Can his manners divine, that You see?
And was you at Jonathan's bull or a bear,
Pray what sort of *beast* would you be?

EPICRAM VETULAM JUNIOREM

In LESBIAM *Vetulam*, *cupidam* putari multa
junioem!

Consule, te, *Bruto*, quid juras, *Lesbia*, natam?

Mentiris—nata es, *Lesbia*, rege *Numâ*!

Sis quoque mentiris—namque ut tua sæcula
narrant,

Ficta *Prometheo* diceris esse *Luto*.

Ta.

N O T E.

- * As they were walking together in the Park.

To the Honorable Mrs. LAURENCE, near Hyde-
Park, very old, but affects to be thought much
younger.

Why do you swear that you was born
In good Queen Anna's reign?

You're out—for by your face, forlorn, I see
* In your looks, it is plain, A dyer's touch

Nay here you're out,—for as your age
Does shew, (as one may say)

That you was form'd, and in a rage,
* Of the Promethean Clay!

Of the Promethean Clay!

EPICRAM VII.

In PROCULEIAM, *que, ab uxore, a marito
ejus discessit.*

(1) Menſe novo ſami, veterem, Proculeia,
Maritum

Deſeris, (2) atque jubes res ſibi habere
ſuas;

(3) Quid, rogo, quid factum eſt? ſubiti
quæ cauſa doloris?

Nil mihi reſpondeſ—dicam ego, Prætor erit.

(4)

NOTES.

* A poetical deſcription of "extreme Old Age."

12 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

(4) *Constat fuit Megalensis purpura centum
Millibus, (5.) ut nimium munera parca
dares :*

Et (4.) *populare sacrum bis millia dena tulisset*

(6.) *Diffidium non est hoc, Proculaia, (7.)
lucrum est !*

To LADY JANE *** of Lime-Street-Ward,
who, through Avarice, left her Husband. *

(1) On Michaelmas Eve, it is said, Lady Jane,
From your husband that you did elope :
And tell him, " that he was the cause of your
pain :

(2) " So you bid him go e'en take a rope !"

(3) I ask what's the matter ?—the cause of
your sorrow ?

But nothing you answer again :

I'll tell you, " That he will be Lord-Mayor
to-morrow :

So now your disorder is plain :

(4) Feasts at Easter, Old-Bailey, and grave
Judges Shew,

And many past generous treats :

But (5) you grudge ev'ry farthing of money
that goes

Towards making him fit for such feats :

(6) This

N O T E.

* An affair, that was said to make great stir and
fun in the city, towards the end of the late King's
reign.

- (6) This is not what alarm'd Lime-Street-
Ward at the first,
 Seto Them I'll the *true* cause explain :
 (7) You pine and are famish'd with "Gold's
sacred thirst,"
 And all your concern then is *Gain*.

EPIGRAM VIII.

In QUEMQUAM variè se tondentem.

Pars maxillarum *tonsa* est tibi, pars tibi *rasa*
 est :

Pars *vulsa* est: *unum* quis putet esse caput ?

To the Honourable CHARLES BERKLEY, Esq.
May-Fair ; a Man of Honour and Integrity,
but now and then shaves a little comically.

While your cheeks are part *shav'd*, *scrap'd*,
 and part *pluck'd* away :

Who the *d*——I can think you've but *one*
 head, I pray ?

EPIGRAM IX.

Epitaphium LATINI, excellentis Mimi.

(2) Dulce decus Scenæ ! Ludorum fama !

(1) LATINUS

Ille ego sum, (2) *plausus*, *deliciæ*que *tuzæ* !

C

(3) Qui

14 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

- (3) Qui spectatorem potui fecisse Catonem,
Solvere qui Curios Fabriciosque graves ;
(4) Sed nihil à nostro sumpsit mea vita Theatro
Et solâ tantùm scenicus arte feror. *

To Mr. FOOTE, the Great Mimic !—his Epitaph.

(1) I'm that arch Fellow, FOOTE ! (2) the
delight of the age !

(2) The fame and applause of the droll, mimic
Stage !

'Tis I, who, by muscles quite chang'd, and
grimace,

(3) Could the deep-lurking laugh of grave
Senator's trace,

And quite shorten the length of SIR †
THOMAS's face.

'Tis I, who the various powers have shewn
Of changing the Face by a Secret unknown:

The feign'd laugh, ogling smile, and the
wide vacant stare,

That has made the Spectators all loudly
declare.

They never saw any thing like it, They
swear.

(4) Thus

N O T E S.

* There are four lines more in this Epigram,
but as they have no kind of Affinity with Mr.
FOOTE, the Translator has omitted them.

† A Knight well known at Ranelagh.

(4) Thus, during my Life-time, my *House*
 was still shewing,
 That by my *sole art* I could keep the scenes
 going.
 • “ But what will become of it after I’m
 dead
 “ The L—d knows” ! but fear ’twill lie
 low as my Head !
 I have taken off Others till quite out of
 breath,
 But now I’m TAKEN OFF by that † fell-
 Serjeant DEATH !

EPIGRAM X.

In EUTRAPELUM, Tonforem lentum.

Eutrapelus tonsor dum circuit ora *Luperci*,
 Expungitque genas : altera barba subit !

To — TURVILLE, Esq. of the Temple,
 on his Barber who is very slow.

While good Master *Temple* but drawls o’er your
 Face,
 Another Beard rises, and steps in it’s Place.

C 2

EPI.

NOTES.

• Mother-COLE in his Play of the *Minors*.

† SHAKESPEARE’S *Hamlet*.

EPIGRAM XI.

De ASPRO, amatore Puellæ, nunquam visæ.

Formosam planè, sed cæcus diligit *Asper* :
Plus ergo, ut res est, quam videt *Asper*, amat.

*To the Honourable EDWARD MORRIS, Esq.
near Hanover-Square; in love with a Young
Lady whom he never saw.*

The Girl was handsome, it is plain,
But *Ned* himself was blind :
For, to be short, Love turn'd his brain,
And left his *sight* behind.

EPIGRAM XII.

• *In ARRIAM & PÆTUM.*

Castâ suo gladium cum traderet *Arria Pætæ*,
Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis :
Siqua fides, vulnus quod feci, "*non dolet*,"
inquit

Sed quod *Tu* facies : *Hoc mihi Pætæ*, dolet !

When

N O T E.

• It may perhaps be agreeable to the Reader, to be inform'd, that in the *second* Volume of *The Tatlers*, Number *seventy two*, is an historical Account by Sir Richard Steele of this famous and beautiful Epigram, with his fine and judicious observations upon it.

The *Translator* hopes, that, for once, he shall be forgiven by all the happy couples in the three Kingdoms, for addressing this very celebrated and beautiful Epigram of *Martial's*, not to the *Living* but to the *Dead*! and therefore inscribes it to the memory of the late LORD and LADY SUTHERLAND, who died but a few Years ago, very soon after each other; and had They been in the above situation, doubts not that She would have been a *second* *ARRIA*, as They were so remarkable for their constant love and affection, inviolable by nothing but *Death*!

When the chaste *Arria* gave the reeking sword,

Drawn from her bowels, to her honour'd

Lord:

Pætus! she cry'd, for this "I do not grieve,"

But for the *Wound* that *Pætus* must receive.

EPIGRAM XIII.

Ad CINNAM.

Esse *nihil* dicis; quicquid petis, improbe
Cinna?

Si nil, Cinna, petas: nil tibi, Cinna, nego.

18 . EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS.

To the REV. ANTI-SEJANUS, (*who not long ago appear'd under the name of CINNA in Politics*) on his Modest request to The Ministry being granted.

You wicked Rogue Cinna ! “ ’tis nothing,
You cry,
That You ask ;” why, if *nothing*, then nought
We deny.

CINNA vult videri pauper, et est pauper.

To THE SAME, on reading a late Essay of his
where he quotes the above line from Martial.

That dull Rogue Cinna cries, “ I am poor
and low !”

True—he says right—for he is *really* so.

EPIGRAM XIV.

In PESSIMOS CONUGES.

Cum sitis similes paresque Vitâ,
Uxor pessima, pessimus Maritus,
Miror, non bene convenire Vobis !

To the Honourable JOHN M——, and LADY
MARY, a main happy Couple in Oxford-
Road, who marry'd each other (as they
thought) for Money, but were not a little
disappointed.

Since ye are both alike in life,
The worst of Husbands and worst Wife :
Strange ! that Ye should thus disagree,
And live in wrath and enmity !

EPIGRAM XV.

Ad PRISCUM, de Uxore locuplete.

Uxorem quare locupletem ducere nolim
Quæritis ? Uxori nubere nolo meæ ;
Inferior Matrona suo sit, Priscæ, Marito,
Non aliter fuerint Foemina Virque pares.

To EDWARD GREEN, Esq. Fenchurch-Street,
about a rich Wife.

Why a rich Bride I would not choose

To lead home, do you ask ?

Why truly, an Uxorious Noose

Is no such pleasant task !

O Edward ! let the Husband be

Superior to the Wife !

As otherwise They'll disagree,

And live in endless strife.

For

20 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS.

For by Friend *Juvenal* * it is said,
 "Some rich Wives are the d — I!"
 Oh! how They'll curry-comb your head!
 Unless You're wond'rous civil!

EPIGRAM XVI.

*Ad FABIAM & CHRISTILLAM, quorum illi
 multas Uxores, hæc multos Maritos extulerat.*

Effert uxores *Fabius*, *Christilla* maritos,
Funereamque toro quassat Uterque facem..
 Victores committe, *Venus*! quos iste manebit.
 Exitus una duos ut *Libitina* ferat!

To the Honourable THOMAS WEBB, Esq. and
 LADY DOROTHY, his Wife, near Portman-
 Square, one of whom has buried only FIVE
 Wives, and the other as many Husbands.

While TOM and DOLLY many Mates
 Does carry off, (tis said)
 Each shakes by turns (so will the Fates!)
 The Fun'ral † Torch in bed;
 O fye, Ma'm *Venus*! end this rout,
 Commit Them to the Fleet:
 And grant They may be carry'd out
 Both cover'd with one Sheet!

EPI-

N O T E.

* Intolerabilius nihil est quam foemina dives!

† Instead of the Bridal one.

• EPIGRAM XVII.

In QUEMDAM habentem varios mores.

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem !
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te !

In

N O T E.

• The above smart and lively Epigram in English, the Translator met with in the Spectator, whether by Mr. Addison, Steele, or any other ingenious Writer in the course of that admirable Work, is not material ; his Parody upon it was owing to a very extraordinary Message sent from The Ministry by a Right Honourable Letter-Carrier to the Ministerial Aldermen at the late Election for Lord-Mayor against Mr. Wilkes ; which from the purport of it, occasioned the Translator to parody it in the manner above-mentioned, and to tip Paddy upon the Reader in the last line, as there is certainly an *Ironicism* in it, which he could not help, in order to make it quite expressive of the meaning of the *White-Hall Junto*. Oh ! bless them all ! a sweet Collection of Round-Heads ! his good Friends Cream-coloured Tommy, Jerry Mungo, and Squire Charley amongst the rest ! Mr. Wilkes ought ever to pray for Them, as the very best Friends he has, or could have ; as it is *They*, and *They only* who have made him what he is ! But they that *have* blundered, *will* blunder still !

22 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow!
Hast so much Wit, and Mirth, and spleen
about thee,
There is no living *with* Thee, nor *without*
Thee!

To Mr. WILKES, thus Parody'd.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt "that *aspiring, blustering, restless*
Fellow!"
Hast "such a *raging Turbulence*" about thee,
There is no living *with* Thee, BUT *without*
Thee!

EPIGRAM XVIII.

Ad FAUSTINUM, cui recens compositum Opus
mittit.

Dum novus est, neque adhuc rasā mihi fronte
libellus,

Pagina dum tangi non bene sicca timet:

I Puer! & caro perfer leve munus amico,

Qui meruit *nugas* primus habere meas:

Curre, sed instructus! comitetur *punica*
librum

Spongia: muneribus convenit *illa* meis.

Non possunt nostros multæ, *Faustine*, lituræ

Emendare *jocos*: una *litura* potest!

To

To MR. GARRICK, COLMAN, and FOOTE.
To whom (the Translator) sends his Work
lately finished.

While my Book is quite new, and yet lying
in sheets,
And while the moist Page does not fear whom
it meets :
Go Boy ! and bear this little Gift to my
Friends,
Who well deserve such *Bagatelles* he intends.
Run, but pray now beware ! that your
Sponge does hang to't :
As that all such Gifts will be found best to
suit.
O my Friends ! many Blots cannot mend
every jest :
But • one general Blot may be all for the best !

EPI-

N O T E .
• If so celebrated an Epigrammatist as MAR-
TIAL is pleased to say this of himself to his Friend
Faustinus, what an infinitely stronger reason
has the Translator to say so of his poor trumpery
Productions, and therefore is glad to find such
an *Asylum* from the Pens of ill-natur'd Critics.

EPIGRAM XIX.—*Unknown.*

On ALFRED The Great—*King of the Saxons.*

Pace CATO, *Bello* CÆSAR, *Moderamine*
MINOS,

Fortunâ MARIUS, *Religione* NUMA!

To any PRINCE or POTENTATE, to whom
The Reader thinks it most applicable: as
the Translator either * knows not, or does
not recollect one.

CATO in *Peace*, CÆSAR in *War* he shin'd,
MINOS in *Justice*, MARIUS in *Success*:
NUMA in *Piety* his Life refin'd,
These were the *Virtues* which his Reign did
bless!

EPI-

N O T E.

* And yet he need not travel 100 miles by
Land or Sea for a certain PRINCE, to whom it is
justly and deservedly so, was it not for the
envy, perverseness, ingratitude, and iniquity of
THE TIMES!

† EPIGRAM XX.

Ad JULIUM CÆSAREM.

Antonius Tebaldæus.

Gloria vincendi juncta est cum milite, Cæsar!

Cæsar! parcendi gloria sola tua est!

To * General SIR WILLIAM DRAPER, Knight
of the Bath.

The pride of *conquering* is the Soldier's aim.

To spare, O Draper! is *thy* only claim!

D

EPI-

N O T E S.

† This and the following EPIGRAMS have various Names for their AUTHORS, which are affixed to their respective Compositions, of much lower dates than MARTIAL's, by several Centuries.

* The Translator is happy in addressing this Epigram with such acknowledged justice and propriety by The Public to his old School-fellow, SIR WILLIAM, at *Eton*, where he experienced many proofs of that Good-Nature and Generosity of Temper which then began to *dawn*, and has since shined out to a more *perfect* day, in his late well-known gallant Actions in the *East-Indies* and *elsewhere*; and not only experienced them himself, but has been many Times an Eye-Witness of it also to several Others of his School-fellows now living, in the *Church*, *Army*, *Navy*, and the *Law*.

EPIGRAM XXI. *

Ad quendam pauperem MEDICUM.

Pharmaca das Ægroto, Aurum tibi porrigit
Æger :

Tu morbum curas illius, Ille tuum.

TO DR. VAUGHAN, a Physician in the City.

You heal the Sick, to You his Gold is given:
Each ill is cur'd, and thus both are even.

EPIGRAM XXII.

In VIRUM BONUM.

Si quicquid rarum carum est, pretiumque
meretur,

Crede mihi, res est Vir pretiosa bonus !

To

N O T E.

* This and a few more following Epigrams have a very honest, merry, and ingenious Writer for their Author, who has published also a great many more ; and through his Book is not uncommon. Yet the *Translator* could not easily meet with it ; otherwise he would have endeavoured to entertain his Readers with more of them : his name is concealed on purpose, for such reasons as They will find at Epigram 25th and 26th.

To JOHN TOWNSEND, Esq. near Lime-street,

If what is rare is dear, and holds esteem,
Trust Me, a good Man We may pretious
deem!

EPIGRAM XXIII.

In BATTUM, loquacem.

Eatte, tacenda ultrò loqueris, veniamque pre-
caris :

Visme tibi veniã nil opus esse ? *Tace !*

To LORD L——, near St. James's Square.

My Lord ! You chatter much, then pardon
ask :

Wouldst want no pardon ? Silence be your
task !

EPIGRAM XXIV.

In DOCTUM insipientem.

Plurima degustat stomachus, nil concoquit,
eger :

Sic tu scis, fateor, multa, nihilque sapis.

To SER WILLIAM FLEMING, near Soho-
square.

As stomachs nice eat oft, but nought digest :
So thou know'st, much, I own, but nothing
taste.

EPIGRAM XXV.

In ————.

Arte meâ pereo, tumultum mihi fabricor ipse:
Fila mei fati duco, necemque neo!

To LADY BRIDGET LANE, MRS. GARRICK, and all the LADIES in the three Kingdoms, who are distinguished for their Wit, Humour, and Vivacity! not forgetting in particular, (if not impertinent and presumptuous

N O T E.

* The *Translator* can't help smiling to see, in imagination, the surprize of his Readers at their not finding, as usual, the *Subject* of this most entertaining Epigram, affixt to it: but when They see to whom it is address'd, and there find it to be A RIDDLE, their surprize will soon cease, for a reason too obvious to mention. He only begs of all his *Fair* Readers not to apply to any of their learned Friends for a solution of this *Ænigma*, by looking into the original Author of it (as they perhaps may guess who it is) till they have fairly confessed "They give it up." It may not be, perhaps, an unpleasing circumstance, to tell them (tho' the *Translator* is going rather too far in helping his *Learned* Readers towards their Conjecture who it is) that this ingenious and elegant *Riddle* is almost two hundred Years old.

sumptuous in the Translator!) that most charming and amiable Woman, THE QUEEN into whose hands if this Book of Epigrams should have the honour and happiness to fall by means of her LADYSHIP; this Epigram, which happens to be one of the prettiest RIDDLES, for ingenuity of thought, beauty and simplicity of dress, and a concise elegance of expression, (in the Latin) that perhaps was ever written in any Language, is to them most humbly and respectfully address'd!

My art's my death, I build myself my tomb,
My threads of fate I draw, and spin death
from my Womb!

EPIGRAM XXVI.

In

Eingere non Phidias, nec Apelles fingere
motum

Novit: sed Rhidiâ plus & Apelle facis.

D 3.

To

N O T E.

* As this Epigrammatical Riddle is written by the same Author as the foregoing; the Subject, here also is concealed for the same reason by the Translator.

To Mr. GARRICK, COLMAN, FOOTE, and
all the choice Wits of the Age; this very in-
genious, but more abstruse, RIDDLE is ad-
drest, as it will try their "*acumen Ingenii*"
it being the very *Acme* of Ingenuity.

Neither could *Phidias* nor *Apelles* feign
Motion: yet thou dost what They'd do in
vain.

EPI-

N O T E.

Translator, who trusts entirely to the honour of
his learned Readers, that They will not examine
the Author, (as perhaps They or their Epigram-
matical Friends may guess who it is, and accor-
dingly search for them) till *They* also have fairly
confessed that "They have given it up." And
if they will *then* do him the honour to signify in
"The Public Advertiser," (which he sees every
day) under whatever borrowed Signature they
please, "That they cannot solve this (or the
two others at EP. 25 and 86) very uncommon
and extraordinary *Ænigma*," He will not fail
telling them what it is, the very next day, or
day after at farthest. They will find at Epigram
the 86th a *Riddle* of another sort, addrest to some
particular Gentry of both Sexes.

EPIGRAM XXVII.

In PHILAUTUM.

Crimina qui cernunt *aliorum*, nec sua cernunt;
Hi sapiunt Aliis, desipiuntque sibi.

On a SELF-LOVER.

To LADY R——N, and Hundreds of others of
the same Kidney, both in London and West-
minster.

Those who spy *others* Faults, but not *their*
own.

Fools to Themselves, to Others wise are
grown.

EPIGRAM XXVIII.

PRUDENTIA & SIMPLICITAS.

Ut nulli nocuisse velis, imitare *Columbam*;
Serpentem ut possit Nemo nocere tibi.

On PRUDENCE and INNOCENCE.

To ——— VAN-HEYTHUYSEN, Junior, Esq.
Lincoln's Inn.

That You hurt no one, intimate the *Dove*;
That you are not hurt, the *Serpent's* wisdom
prove.

EPI-

EPIGRAM XXIX.

In DIFFICILEM.

Landas, *Gaure*, nihil : reprehendis cuncta,
videto

Ne placeas nulli, dum tibi nemo placet !

On ONE hard to be pleased.

To ——— RICHARDSON, Esq. Mile-End.

——— You nothing praise, but all things
blame :

See that by You the World does not the
same !

* EPIGRAM XXX.

In SANCTAM CUNIGUNDAM *ambulantem*
inter ignes illæsam—Biddermannus.

N O T E.

* This Epigram alludes to the ancient custom of the *Ordeal Tryal* in this Kingdom, when the Ladies at that time who were accused of *Incontinence*, were put to prove themselves clear of the accusation, by walking *barefooted* betwixt two *red-hot* Plough-shares. A Tryal, was it in use now, would be laugh'd at by divers Ladies no less celebrated for their *Chastity* and *Virtue*, as well knowing that They could walk to an *hair's* breadth !

Testatura viro saluum *Cunigunda* pudorem,
In candente libens vomere fecit iter :
Exploratorem sed ubi pede contigit ignem,
Non fuit in *plantâ* sensus, sed *igne*, fuit.

To MISS RAY, the *Hinchinbrooke* Vestal, in
close connection with that *Mirroure of Piety*
and *Virtue*, Lord-Sandwich.

Her VIRTUE *Cunigunda* to essay,
"Twixt glowing Plough-shares willing sped
her way :
Yet when with foot she touch'd the searching
flame,

The *Fire* had feeling, not her *Foot* the same.

EPIGRAM XXXI.

In SCRIPTOREM paratum.—Barlaeus.

Nulla tuis quare reddatur Epistola Chartis
Quæris? ne posthac scribere sæpe velis.

On a quick and easy WRITER.

To JAMES TWEED, Esq. *Mile-End*, under
the Name of PHILO-BRITANNIE.

Why to your Letters no one writes again,
Dost ask? Lest You should oft resume the
Pen.

EPI-

EPIGRAM XXXII.

*Super Pontem NOSTRE-DAME Parisiis, sub-
tercurrente SEQUANA.* *

*Sequana cum primùm Reginae allabitur Urbi,
Tardat præcípites ambitiosus aquas :
Captus amore loci, cursum obliviscitur Annis
Quo fluat, & dulces nectit in Urbe moras ;
Hinc varios implens, fluctu subeunte, canales,
Fons fieri gandet, qui modo Flumen erat.*

*To the Right Honourable THE LORD MAYOR,
as Conservator of the River THAMES.*

*When first the Thames the Royal City pass'd,
Proudly he stops his Waters tho' in haste :
Pleas'd with the place, the Stream forgets his
way :*

*And in the City forms a sweet delay ;
Hence filling various pipes, he joys to seem
A playing Fountain, which was once a stream.*

EPI-

* This handsome complimentary Epigram was written by a German Nobleman, *Ferdinand, Baron de Furstenberg*, over the Bridge of *Nostre-Dame*, at *Paris*, in honour of the River *SEINE*, running underneath, which the *Translator*, from a love to his own Country, thinks that he may with equal justice and propriety apply to the *River Thames* and the *City of London*.

EPIGRAM XXXIII.

In NATURAM paucis contentam ! * Petronius
Arbiter.

Omnia quæ miseras possunt finire querelas,
Impromptu voluit candidus esse Deus :
Vile olus, & duris hærentia mora rubetis,
Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem,
Flumine vicino Stultus sitit. —

Quod satiare potest dives Natura ministrat,
Quod docet infrænis Gloria, sine caret. —

On NATURE being content with a little.

To HENRY WALTON, Esq. Portrait Painter
in Great Queen-Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

All that can put a stop to wretched want,
Kind Heaven's Bounty has at hand to grant,
the

N O T E.

* The Author of this Epigram was Master of the Revels to the Emperor Nero, and was esteem'd a smart delicate Writer, but one of the most debauched and dissolute Principles in the whole Court of Rome; and therefore, it is somewhat pleasant to observe, " That he should write on such a Subject as this ! " it being like Seneca's writing and speaking a Declaration in praise of Poverty with above Fifty Thousand Pounds in his Pocket.

The Herbs and Berries hanging to the
Trees

Hunger's keen appetite can soon appease,
And Thirst the neighb'ring stream relieve
with ease.

What e'er can satisfy, rich *Nature* gives,
But uncontroll'd *Ambition* endless lives.

EPIGRAM XXXIV.

In lusum PILÆ amatorium ex NIVE coacta.

Petronius Afranius. •

Me *nive* candenti petiit modò *Julia*, rebar
Igne carere nivem, sed tamen *Ignis* erat!

Quid *nive* frigidius? nostrum tamen urese
pectus

Nix potuit manibus, *Julia*, missa tuis!

To

N O T E.

• The *Translator* is sorry to tell his *Fair* Readers in particular, that he can give Them no further account of the ingenious Author of this very pretty and beautiful Epigram, (or indeed of many others of his Authors) than that he supposes by the *nature* of the Subject of it, that he is of much later date than the Author of Epigram XXXIII. though he is partly of the same Name.

Quis locus infidiis dabitur mihi tutus amoris,
Frigore concretâ si latet *Ignis aquâ*?

Julia! sola potes nostros extinguere *flamas*,
Non *nive*, nec *glacie*, sed potes *Igne pari*!

To LADY BETTY HAMILTON, on her play-
ing at SNOW-BALL with THE DUKE OF
DEVONSHIRE, in the Month of January last,
at CHATSWORTH Park, in DERBYSHIRE.

With *Snow-Ball* only, *Julia* at Me aim'd!
I thought it wanted *Heat*, but yet it *flam'd*!
What's colder than the *Snow*? and yet my
Heart

By *Snow* from thee, O *Julia*! feels a
smart!

What place to Me then is from Love con-
ceal'd,

If *Fire* by *Cold* with water lies congeal'd?

Julia! 'tis Thou alone canst quench *desire*,
Yet not with *Snow* or *Frost*, but equal *Fire*!

EPIGRAM XXXV.

In ANGELAM in Puerperio extinctam.

Thomas Randolphus. *

Hic jacet in medio quæ concidit *Angela*
partu,

Dum *Juno* gravidæ sæva negabat opem :
Impia res ! tenerum saltem Mors improba
fœtum

Liquisset misero, *Matre* cadente, *Patri* :
Aut *Matrem* potius ; quis enim cum corpore
serit *Uvam*,

Ipsam etiam *Vitem* subsequisse velit ?
Plaudite Vos *steriles* ! soboles hanc perdidit,
& sic

Sæpe solent *Ramos* frangere *Poma* suos !

To

N O T E.

* The *Ladies* are indebted for this pretty, tender Epigram, (by way of *Epitaph*) as also that most beautiful one, the XXXVII, to their very ingenious Countryman, Mr. *Thomas Randolph*, who, as the *Translator* conjectures, lived in the reign of King *Charles* or *James I.* or perhaps sooner.

TO LORD BEAUCHAMP, on the Death of
his first Lady.

Here lies that ANGELA who in Child-bed
died;

Whilst Juno's help was cruelly deny'd:

Oh! impious Act! stern Death, at least,
had left

The Child to it's Father, whilst of Wife
bereft:

Or Mother sooner; for who would design
To take the Grape, and then cut down the
Vine?

Ye Barren, sing! since Child-bed was her
doom:

Thus by the weight of Fruit do Boughs oft
find a tomb!

EPICRAM XXXVI.

In Fortunæ MEDIOCRITATEM.—The same.

Vive, & amicitias Regum fuge: pauca
monebo.

Maximus hic scopulus, non tamen unuserat:

Vive, & amicitias nimio splendore nitentes,

Et quicquid colitur perspicuum, fugito.

Ingentes dominos, & famæ nomina clara,

Illustrique graves nobilitate domos,

Devita; & longè vivens cole, contrahe
vela.

Et tellitoribus cymba propinqua vehat.

In plano tua sit semper fortuna ; paresque
 Noveris : ex alto magna ruina venit ;
 Non bene cum parvis junguntur grandia
 rebus,

Stantia namque premunt, precipitata ruunt

To SIR JOHN TURNER, *Member for Lynnh,*
Norfolk, a great Levee Hunter, and Dan-
gler at Court.—On a MODERATE Fortune.

Live, and, *The Great*, I just advise You, shun,
 'Tis no small rock, nor yet the only one :

Live, and their *tinsel* friendships quite avoid,
 And what looks great, by which *Fools* are
 decoy'd,

Great Lords, and Men in story of renown,
 And those, whose noble race is handed down,
 Decline ; regard Thyself—contract thy sail,
 And at the shore thy neighb'ring bark won't
 fail.

Be mod'rate as to *Fortune* : and You'll try
 Your Equals : as Great Storms come from
 on high,

Not well with small are great things joyn'd
 together,

What's *firm* stands fixt, what's *loose* yields to
 the weather.

EPIGRAM XXXVII. *The same.*

In lusus cupidinas, five Paroxysmos febriles.
DUORUM AMATORUM.

Ah miser ! & nullo felix in amore *Corinnam*;
Cum rogat illa, negas : cum negat illa,
rogas ;

Ambos urit amor, quid sit felicius ? *ambos*
Tempore non uno, sed tamen urit amor ;
Cum flagrat *Corydon*, frigescit fibra *Corinnae*;
Cum tua frigescit fibra, *Corinna* calet ;
Cur aestas *Corydonis* hyems sit facta *Corinnae* ?
Quidve *Corinnae* aestas sit *Corydonis* hyems ?
Unde ignis glaciem ? glacies unde efficit
ignem ?

Desine crudeles, siue *Cupido* ! jocos ;
Desine ! sed nec te *Corydonis* tollere flammam,
Tollere nec castas *Virginis*, oro, nives ;
Ure *dulos*, extingue *dulos* : & pectus utrisque
Aut calor, aut teneat pectus utrumque
gelu !

To LORD GEORGE ———, * *Grosvenor-
Street, and LADY MARY ———, * Pic-
cadilly. — On the febrile Paroxysms, or
feverish Sharp Fits and Sports of Love in
TWO LOVERS.*

Ah ! hapless Lover ! since in mutual love,
You and *Corinna* thwart what each approve ;
Love

As human Nature has been much the same
in all Ages, The *Translator* supposes that all his
Fair Readers (in particular) have, at one time
or other, felt the effects of that soft, but wonder-
ful Passion, *Love* ! — What strange ravages and
havock it makes in the breast of each Sex, and
the combination and *contrariety* of Passions it oc-
casions, innumerable Instances, as well ancient
as modern, will most abundantly and deplorably
testify the odd, unaccountable, but unfortu-
nate Case of these *two Lovers* now before Them
in the Epigram, is not a little singular in it's
kind: not but that there have been, and still
are, Instances of the like sort. *Don Felix* and
Violante in the Play of *The Wonder*, and *Bene-
dict* and *Beatrice* in " *Much ado,*" &c. are
perhaps parallel Cases amongst the rest. The
Translator conceals the names of his *two* fond
but hapless *Lovers*, to whom this Epigram is
address'd ; (who are, it is said, in the like unfor-
tunate

Love burns in *both*—what's happier? but
the flame.

Tho' mutual, yet in *time* is not the same;
When *Corydon's* all flame, *Corinna's* cool,
When *You* grow cold, *Corinna* plays the
fool;

Why does *his* Summer to *her* Winter prove?
Or why *her* Summer make *him* cold in love?
Whence does the heat make Cold, or Cold
the Heat?

O cruel Cupid! cease this bitter cheat!
Cease! but I beg you neither to remove
Corinna's snow, or *Corydon's* fierce Love;
Burn *Both*, extinguish *Both*—and let each
breathe

Either with Heat or Cold be quite oppress!

EPIC

N O T E

fortunate situation, ("deeply in love with each
"other, but yet not at *one* and the *same* Time!")
from that regard and tenderness which is ever
due to Instances of this or the like particular
sort. They are both well known and admir'd
at Court, for the singular accomplishments of their
Minds as well as *Persons*: equally graceful and
agreeable in one as well as in the other, and have
been often distinguished by THEIR MAJESTIES
in "The Circle."

EPIGRAM XXXVIII. See Ep. 31.

In PIUM SAMARITAM. — Barlaeus.

Semianimum vidit Samarita jacere cadaver,
Festinanque tulit, quam dare quirit, opem;
Nam postquam ingentes plagarum advertit
hiatus,

Admovit medicâ sedulus arte manus;
Excepitque sinu, lenique perunxit olivo,
Et calido fovit vulnera lota mero;

Mox ubi manantes repressit, sindone rivos,
Membra laboratis intulit ægra toris,
“ I levis,” æger ait, “ Meque aspernare,
Sacerdos,”

“ Profuit auxilio nunc caruisse tua!”

To Dr. HEBERDEN, Pall-Mall. On the
GOOD SAMARITAN.

Samaria's Son the expiring body view'd,
And quickly brought him what relief he
could;
For after He his grievous Wounds espy'd;
With healing art he strait his hands apply'd;
Took in his bosom, gently touch'd with
Oyl,
And with warm Wine his Wounds reliev'd
from toil;

Soon

* A Gentleman no less celebrated for his
Tenderness and Humanity than Skill in his *Phy-
sical* Profession!

Translated, imitated, &c.

45

Soon with fine lint the issuing streams he
clos'd,
And softly all his fainting limbs repos'd;
"Go, Priest! and me neglect!" the sick
Man said,
"Happy for Me I wanted now your aid!"

EPIGRAM XXXIX. •

In Avarum & Murem.

Murem Asclepiades in tecto vidit *avarus*,
Chare, domi nostræ, *Mus*, quid, amice
facis?

Mus blandè arridens, tolle, inquit, amice,
timorem,

Non abs te victum, sed mihi quæro domum.

To Mr. ALDERMAN HALLIFAX.

Hunks, one day sitting in his house,
Snug in a corner, spy'd a *Mouſe*:
To

N O T E S.

* This Epigram, and about twenty more that follow, are translated *originally* from the *Greek*, which the *Translator* met with among some others in a Collection, but without the *Authors* names: so he can give no further account of them, than that they are very old, being written long before our *Blessed Saviour's* time.

To whom reply'd the *scraping* Host,
 What dost thou here, Friend! at my cost?
 The grinning *Mouse* prick'd up his ears,
 And cry'd, Friend, lay aside your fears:
 Send off your *victuals* helter skelter,
 I want no *food*, but only *shelter*.

EPIGRAM XL.

In BARBAS.

Si promissa facit sapientem barba, quid obstat
 Barbatus possit quin caper esse *Plato*?

[To an eminent JEW-MERCHANT, St. Mary-
 Axe. On Beards.

If *Beards* do make wise men of some,
 What hinders Us from guessing?
 That bearded *MOSES* may become
 A Goat; Oh wondrous blessing!

This Epigram, and about twenty more
 that follow, are translated originally from the
 Greek which the Translator met with among some
 MSS. in a Collection, but without the authors
 names: so he can give no further account of
 them, than that they are very old, being written
 long before our Saviour's time.

Translated, imitated, &c.

EPIGRAM XLI.

In VENEREM armatam,

Armatam Pallas Venerem Lacodæmone visens,

Vixit ut iudicium sic ineamus, ait?

Cui Venus, aridens, quid Me, galeata, la-

cessis?

Vincere si pollum nuda, quid arma gerens?

EPIGRAM XLII.

N. O. T. A.

If the Translator's memory does not fail him, he saw (but many years ago) a translation of this beautiful Epigram into our Language, somewhere in the course of his Reading: he thought proper to apprise his Reader of this, lest he might be thought a Plagiary, if there should happen to be any similarity in their translations: if so, he begs that the Reader would ascribe the merit of it to the original Translator. His fair Readers, perhaps, will admire this short Epigram still more, when They are told that it is, at least, Two Thousand Years old!

23 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS,

**TO LADY ALMERIA CARPENTER in the
Character of VENUS arm'd, and The
DUTCHESS of BEAUFORT in the Cha-
racter of PALLAS, at a MASQUERADE
last Winter.**

As Pallas, at Soho, saw Venus in armour,
Thus let Us encounter, She crys, Thou dear
Charmer !

Why thus do you urge me, She smiling, but
warm'd,

If I conquer when naked, what must I when
arm'd ?

EPIGRAM XLII.

In JUNIOREM Fratrem.

Sum pauper, non culpa mea est, sed culpa
Parentum,

Qui Me fratre meo non genuere prius

**TO LORD RICHARD CAVENDISH, Younger
Brother to the Duke of Devonshire.**

I'm poor crys Dick, tho' not my fault,
But that of Dad and Mother :

Who if They'd my advantage sought,
Had 'got Me 'fore my Brother.

EPIGRAM XLIII.

Ad GALATEAM. In Cornutos.

Cervus (uti perhibent) mutat ramosa quotannis*Cornua* quotidie *Vas Galatea tuus*.

To the Honourable MRS. BAILEY, or any
other chaste and virtuous Female whom this
may happily suit among the PENELOPES of
of our Age. On Cuckolds.

Ladies! the Stags (as wise men say)

Change horns but once a Year:

Whereas your Stags change ev'ry day,

As plainly does appear.

F

EPI-

N O T

The Translator thought it might be some com-
fort to these Ladies to let Them see that in those
earlier ages, and long before, indeed, there were
kind, tender-hearted Wives who at least had a plea-
sure, if not a pride, in seeing their Husbands
“Horns exalted with honour, and lifting up their
Heads on high”!

EPIGRAM XLIV. *

In INANEM.

Esse in Naturâ Vacuum, cur, Marci, negasti?
Cui tamen ingenii tam sit inane Caput.

To MR. NEVILLE MASKELYNE. — On an
Empty Fellow.

O NEVILLE! why do you oppose
A Vacuum in Nature?

Since by your Head You so disclose
You're such an empty Creature!

EPIGRAM XLV. — Sannazarus.

Ad CÆSAREM BORGIAM. †

“Aut nihil aut Cæsar,” vult dici Borgia:
quidni?

Cum simul, & Cæsar possit, & esse nihil.

To

NOTES.

* It is somewhat pleasant to see this very learned and ingenious Disputant, in Company, pleading so forcibly against a Vacuum, when at the same time he has an Argument so very near at hand to confute himself.

† He was a base-born Son to POPE ALEXANDER the Sixth. As it is Ep. THE FORTY-FIFTH,

To Mr. WILKES.

"Nothing or Caesar," Borgia would be—
True—

Since he's at once both "Naught and Caesar"
too!

F 2

E P I

N O T E.

FIFTH, it could not be (to fall in so far with the humour of our times) address so well to any one else: and therefore the Reader will, for once only, excuse the course of these Greek Epigrams being interrupted. This Epigram gave occasion to the common Latin Proverb, "Aut Caesar aut Nullus," that is, "A Wooden Leg or a Golden Chain," Or, "A Man or a Mouse," as We say; tho' the original Latin one is certainly that, as in the Epigram, "Aut nihil aut Caesar." The Translator is no Politician, nor does he pretend to it: but, as much has been said *pro* and *con* about Mr. WILKES, he will just offer a remark or two here upon him, to try how far he can state his Case with THE MINISTRY AND THE PUBLIC. His Private Character he leaves to Others to consider, it being foreign to our present purpose: but in his Public one, the Secretary of State's Warrant was certainly a most absurd and iniquitous stretch of Power beyond the

EPIGRAM XLVI.

Ad MARCUM, Moechum.

Uxores, Viduas, Ancillas, Scorta, Puellas
 Diligis, Uxorem negligis ipse tuam:

Inter

N O T E.

the bounds of *The Prerogative*: and *Those* that issued it are, by this time, pretty well sick of their scheme. From this *wise* Proceeding of the *then* MINISTRY, We may date the *era* of all our unhappy Tumults and Confusions! for through *his* sides, the *Liberty* of the *Subject* was most unjustly wounded: and so far, *his* Case becomes a *Popular* Concern! How far indeed *He* is to be trusted, may by *this* time be pretty well seen and determined: but the *Translator* cannot help making the two following Observations, “That
 “in all *violent* Parties of Men, whether in *Church*
 “or *State*, the *Leaders* have, in the end, proved
 “KNAVES, and the *Followers* FOOLS;”—and,
 “That no Man whatever, even the *first* Peer of
 “the realm, (nay the *higher* his rank, so much
 “the *worse*) can be either a *true* Patriot, (or a
 “good Subject, who is not, at the same time, a
 “man of good Morals and sound Principles:
 “that is, One who lives in the *fear* of God,
 “and the belief of A FUTURE STATE of Re-
 ward and Punishment.”

Inter tam vetite Veneris certamina, quare
Quod licet, hoc solum non tibi, Marce,
libet!

F 3

Ta

N O T E.

"ward; and Punishment!"—And here, a ques-
"tion or two about him naturally arises;—
"When cause of complaint was found against
Mr. WILKES, as the Author, real or supposed,
of No. FORTY-FIVE of the *North-Briton* and *Es-*
say on Woman, "Why did not our then chaste,
"virtuous, and honest MINISTRY keep him
"where They had banished him, or somewhere
"else?" and when he was on his return (to
which he had just as much right, perhaps, as a
Felon from *Transportation* before the time was ex-
pired) "Why did our then vigilant and cou-
"rageous MINISTRY suffer him to set his foot
"on Britain's shore, to come in open triumph,
"and offer himself as *Representative* for the
"greatest City in the World?" and when that
would not answer his Friends efforts, for one of
the most respectable Counties; and even there
though he had so great a majority of Votes,
"Why did not the *Wise Acres* let him take his
"Seat quietly in the *House*," and there would
have been an end of him and all his *Mon-*
archy long ago!—Can it possibly be believed,
that They could be so absurdly ignorant of the
Genius, Temper, and Disposition of their own
Country, as not to be thoroughly sensible of what

every

To LORDS M—N, S—H,
 THE DUKE OF G—N, or any other
 faithful and virtuous Husband whom this
 may happily suit among the SIR JOHN
 BRUTES of our Age.

Wives, Widows, Maids, W***, Girls,
 You so respected,
 That your own Wife You utterly neglected :
 Strange !

N O T E.
 every English Cobler knows, " That if you would
 " make a man conspicuous, oppose, oppress, and
 " persecute him, and you will certainly do it :"
 to his fame, whether real or false, and to the sure
 disgrace of *Those* who were the Authors.—But
 our *Pilots* at the *Helm* fell unfortunately for the
Ship, (though fortunately for *Themselves*) among
 some *Narcotics* and *Opiates* that lul'd Them
 asleep, till this *Great Whale* came bouncing
 against it : and, if not in danger of oversetting,
 at least has been violently rolling in *Storms* and
Tempests ever since : for which They may thank
Themselves entirely, as They had not either the
sense to foresee, or *inclination* or *courage* to pre-
 vent it ; the only way to assuage and compose
 which, will be, to sew Mr. WILKES and his
 MINISTERIAL OPPONENTS all up together in
 a Sack, as the Old Romans did some delinquents
 for particular Crimes : and, as the honest Mari-

Strange! that *forbidden* Flames should thus
 so ~~teaze~~ You,
 But what is *lawfull*, that alone *not* please
 You!

E P E

N O T E.
 ners did by *Jonah*, throw them *over-board*: and
 then, poor Old England will *once* more see her
Halcyon-Days! — However, Mr. WILKES, by
their means (but, thanks to PROVIDENCE to this
 poor, unhappy, infatuated Nation for *this*!)
 has thus *eventually* brought *some* Good out of
much Evil! Merry on Us! (Gentle Reader!)
 what will *Posterity* say to all this in future *Annals*?
 Why — as we seem now to be at the
worst, let us hope that *Times* will *mend*! But
 surely, *They* will blush for *Those*, that either
 can't, or won't blush for *Themselves*! — That a
 Man in his *originally* private and obscure situation
 should have been so much in the mouth of the
 People, not only in *his own* Country, but also
half over the World, and by his *Catilinarian*
 ingenuity drawn in so many *Dupes* and *Fools*,
 (some of whom, by the way, have been *wise*
 enough to raise *Themselves* upon *his* Shoulders,
 and leave him *in the lurch*), to fan the *flame* which
 he so artfully kindled, *They* may, as before ob-
 served, entirely thank *Themselves*! “The Sun
 (as *Horace* says of MARC ANTONY's wild, *Freaks*
 and incredible *Follies*) beholds it,” but *plague*!
Posterity will deny it!”

EPIGRAM XLVII.

In Mulieres FUCATAS.

Quæ pietas geritis facies, Vos jure potestis:
Dicere cum *Flacco*, "*Pulvis & Umbra-*
sumus!"

NOTE.

(*) It is but too just and true an Observation of *Foreigners* as well as *our own Countrymen*, "That the *English Women* are the prettiest in the World, and finest Complexion!" O *sye* then! why will Ye take such pains to reverse the order and design of *Nature*, your best and safest Guide? Leave her to herself—She wants none of those *frenchify'd Arts* and Tricks from those *Mabogany Faces* of *their Ladies*; and only consider with yourselves what your honest and immortal Countryman puts into the mouth of your so justly admir'd *Hamlet* when he has taken up the Skull from the Grave-digger! Consider *that* I say, blush and tremble! But if even *that* won't do; remember the fate of the late beautiful but unfortunate *LADY COVENTRY*, who it is said, lost her life by this *vile, pauntry* imitation of *Nature*.

EPIGRAM XLIX.

Ad DELIAM.

"Ignis Amor" si fit, (veluti Proverbia
dicunt)

Hei mihi! quam tuus est frigidus ignis amor!

To The Honourable Miss SOPHIA W——,
Bruton-Street, who was complained of by
her Lover, The Honourable COLONEL
C——, near St. James's.

If "Love's a Flame," (as ancient Proverbs
prove)

Ah me! how cold's the fire of your Love?

EPIGRAM L.

Ad JURIS CONSULTUM.

Terminus est nullus tibi, nulla vacacio Lucri:

Totus enim Lucro Litigisque vacas!

To COUNSELLOR MADOCKS.

For Gain You have no term nor yet vacation,
As You're quite lost in Gain and Litigation!

EPIGRAM LI.

Ad PARACELSUM.

*Bella magis Pacemne precer? mibi servit
utrumque:*

Ambo Patroni Marsque Venusque mei!

To DR. ROCK, Ludgate-Hill.

War shall I pray for more, or Peace?

Since each does serve my ends:

Thus Mars and Venus ne'er will cease

To be be my constant friends!

EPIGRAM LII.

Sermo ad HERCULEM.

*Conjugis ingentes animos linguamque domare
Herculis est decimus-tortius iste labor!*

*To a certain worthy DUKE, and all other happy
Husbands who are blest with such meek and
silent Wives,*

To tame the Clack and haughty Spirit

O Herc'les! of my Wife!

The thirteenth labour it would merit

Of thy most famous life!

EPI-

EPIGRAM LIII.

Ad ALBINUM.

"Nunc tua res agitur," paries nam proximus
ardet;

Albinum Felix obvius, admonuit;

Uxorem *facto*, properans Albinus, in ipso

Repperit, O inquit, "nunc mea res agi-
tur!"

To LORD L_____ and the Honour-
able MR. BAILEY.

Felix Albinus met, and said,

"Your business is now doing:"

For your next Neighbour's Wall is bad,

And tending towards ruin;

Albinus hastening, found his Wife

In ipso *Facto* taken:

Oho! crys he, upon my life,

"I've now quite lost my Bacon!"

EPIGRAM LIV.

Ad SEXTILIANUM Spurium.

Te cum progenuit, non credo creare volebat,

Te, tuus, at tantum se recreare, Pater;

Si plus quam donum *Mens* respicienda Da-
toris,

Non debes vitam, *Sextiliane*, Patri!

To all the Royal, Noble, Gentleman-like,
and Vulgar BASTARDS in the three King-
doms.

When your Father begot You, he ne'er
meant to create,
But only himself did it to REcreate :
If the Giver's *Mind* is more observ'd than
the gift,
To your Father You owe not your life by
this list!

EPIGRAM LV.

Ad CORNUTOS.

Audi, Carne, TACE! cui publica contigit
uxor :
Hæc tria præcipiunt verba notanda tibi !

62 EPIGRAM and MOTTO,

To all the CUCKOLDS in the three above-men-
tioned Places, being the best advice They can
follow.

Hear, See, but MUM! if You an W——
should marry:

Mark these three words, and You will ne'er
miscarry!

• On This.
If to your lot a Public Wife should fall;
Mark chiefly these three words, Hear, See,
but MUM!—that's all.

EPIGRAM LVI.

Ad CAIUM.—Bigamum.

Accusaretur cum coram *Præsule*, Caius,
Confessus *bigamum* seque professus, ait
“Unius uxoris Vir *Episcopus* esse jubetur;”
Ergo licet *Laico* nunquid habere duas?

T.

N O T E.

• Of these two Translations, the Reader
may take which best pleases—this last is more
strict to the Original.

To a well-known CITY MERCHANT, on his
having married two Wives.

When CARLOS was cited to the Old Bailey
and carry'd,
And frankly confess'd that he two Wives had
marry'd:
Says My Lord, "We are told, Sir, that one
Wife will do
"For a Bishop:" why then, Sir, should
Laymen have two?

EPIGRAM LVII.

Ad PINOTUM.

Si non efflâsses animam, Pinote, perisses:
Quod Mors est aliis, hoc tibi Vita fuit!

To GEORGE BELLOWES, Esq. Doctors Com-
mons, on his being much oppress'd with the Cho-
lic in a great Crowd at Guild-hall, at the
late Election of Lord Mayor, and relieved by
some Peppermint Water.

O Georgy! had not You remov'd
The Wind, You must have perish'd

62 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

Thus what to Others * *Death* has prov'd,
To You your *Life* has cherish'd!

EPIGRAM LVII.

Ad ACERRAM.

"Felix, quem faciunt" aliorum *Cornua*,
cautum!

Sæpe suo *cælebs* dixit *Acerra*, Patri.
To the DUKE of G——, and all such sensible,
sober, grave and serious Cuckolds in Court,
City, or Country.

Says young 'Squire *Bradshaw* to his Dad,
(And pointing to the place)
"Happy is he who's not *Horn-mad*,
By looking at his *Grace!*"

N O T E.

An Instance of this sort the *Translator* has
somewhere met with in Roman History, in the
Court of *Augustus* (if he is not mistaken) of a
Nobleman or Gentleman on a *Levée*. Day being
oppress'd violently in this manner, and from a
point of delicacy, died---The Emperor hearing
of it, was so concerned at it, that he desired for
the future in a like case, no such delicacy should
be observed.

EPICRAM LVIII.

Ad VITUM.

An sis Cornutus, Vite, nescio, te scio Taurum:
Nuper enim nati sunt tibi tres *Vituli*.

To COLONEL K——y. *Whose Wife the*
other Day is said to have had three Children
at one Birth, by Mr. M——N, the tall
Irishman, a good-natured, compassionate
Neighbour.

If you're a Cuckold, I can't say
Friend K——, but by your horn
That You're a Bull, since Yesterday
To You three Calves were born.

EPICRAM LIX.

Ad ALANAM.

In thalamo Natura locum cui præbuit *inum*,
In mensâ summum sumit Alana sibi:
Scilicet imperium facilis cum Conjuge Con-
jux
Dividit, hic noxæ regnat, Scilla illæ.

To the DUKE and DUTCHESS of MARLBOROUGH, and all the well-known happy Couples in the Three Kingdoms, not forgetting THEIR MAJESTIES.

In Bed Dame Nature has confin'd

The Wife to the lowest place,

And yet at Table has assign'd

The highest to her Grace.

The Husband with the Wife their right

Thus easily divides:

As He does take the rule at night,

And She on days presides.

EPGRAM LX.

Ad MILITEM.

Infigit Mars multa licet tibi vulnera, non
tam

Mars nocet armatus, quam tibi nuda Venus.

To a well-known GENERAL OFFICER.

Tho' You're much scarr'd by Mars, in arms,

And cannot be protected:

Yet naked Venus with her charms,

Knows how You're more affected.

EPICRAM LXI.

In BARDELLAM, *Latronem Mantuanum.*

Bardellam Monachus solans in morte latronem,

"Euge! tibi in *cælo* cæna paratur," ait:

Respondit *Bardella*, "hodie jejunia servo,

"*Cænabis nostræ, si libet, ipse loci*"

To a certain late HIGHWAYMAN, and the

Rev. Mr. TEMPLE, Ordinary of Newgate.

Bardelle, a famous Mantuan Thief

As in the Prison lying:

Sent to a Friar for relief,

Believing he was dying:

"Father, crys he, I'm much oppress,

"And to despair just driv'n"

"Take courage, Son! your sins confess,

"For You shall sup in Heav'n.

But

NOTES.

* This Epigram gave birth to the famous Old Song called, "The Thief and the Cordelier," set to the tune of "King John and the Abbots of Canterbury." The Translator remembers to have seen it a great many Years ago, as he was reading the Book over in a cursory manner with the rest.

60 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

But *Bardelle* did to him reply,

"To day I fast with grace!

"So if You please, don't me deny,

"But pray sup in my place.

MOTTO I. *Claudian.*

componitur Orbis
Regis ad exemplum; nec sic inflectere sensus
Humanos *Edicta* valent, quam vitæ *Regentis*.

TO THE KING.

Kings lives a Kingdom form; nor o'er man-
kind

Do *Edicts* rule so, as The Royal Mind.

MOTTO

N O T E S.

* The *English* Reader will please to observe, that these that follow, are not Epigrams but only *Mottoes* or *Short Passages* from some of the most celebrated of the *Roman* Classics, which have occasionally fallen in the *Translator's* way; to each of which he has affixed it's Author.

• MOTTO II. *The same.*

*Pallitur egregio quisquis sub Principe credit
Servitium;—nunquam Libertas gravior extat
Quam sub Rege pio!*

Publicus

N O T E.

• This and the above Passage were written by the Author in compliment to the Roman Emperor Honorius—and if such a genteel address to an *Heathen* Prince, how much more deservedly is it due to a *Christian* one, and one of the best of Christian Princes that ever adorned a Throne!—It is a *Political* Maxim “That *The King* can do no wrong;” The *Translator* fully believes it, not only in *this* sense, but also in a *Moral* one of our present excellent *Sovereign*; for however ill He may be thought of by *some*, or reviled by others, for some late Transactions, and one in particular. Yet if the Truth could be known, it is not *He*, but *those* that are about Him (Whoever they are) that dare abuse the native Goodness and open Honesty of his Heart, of which his Face is a sufficient Index; and therefore how cruel is it to see and hear so excellent a *Prince* reviled and slandered through the sides of such *Creatures*, who, though They may escape Punishment *here*, yet, (whatever They may please to say or to think of themselves)

70 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES.

Publicus hinc ardescit amor, com moribus
equis,

Inclinat Populo regale modestia culmen.

TO THE KING and QUEEN.

Under Good Princes Whosoe'er has liv'd,
And thinks it Slav'ry is much deceiv'd;
Never more gracefull Liberty is seen,
Than when we view a pious King or Queen?
Hence glows the Public Love, when from the
Throne

[Good and just Rules are to the People shewn.

MOTTO III.

STEMMATA quid faciunt?

Juvenal.

What signify's it whence We're sprung
From the low Col, or good KING JOHN?

Nobilitas

N O T E S.

selves) will most certainly be made to answer
these things at the great and awesfull Tribunal,
of JUSTICE hereafter! If ever they read the
Bible, let them remember FELIX before St.
Paul, and, like him tremble!

What signifies our boasting that we are
sprung from a NOBLE Stock, unless at the same
time We endeavour to inherit the VIRTUES of
our Ancestors as well as their Title and Estate;

it

Transfused, imitated, &c.

79

Nobilitas sola est atque unica VIRTUS!

The same.

VIRTUE's the only *Noble Blood*,
From whence We can derive *true Good*!

it is therefore no small profit and pleasure to have by Us a *Register* of our *Families*, that reading *their Characters* for *Virtus* and *true Honour*, We may imitate their *examples*, and add to the glory of the *Stock*, from which We descend. When fortune surprizes a Man with a *great sphere* of Life, to which he is neither advanced by degrees, nor raised before by his own hopes, it generally happens, that for want of a *right Education*, he knows not how to behave himself so as to make the World think that he deserves his *Character*. Hence it is, that Good Fortune almost always alters the *former proceedings* of a Man, and makes quite a different Person of him in *Behaviour* and *Conversation*: but surely this is great folly to trick and set One's Self off with what is not *our own*;—Whereas, if *Virtue* and *Piety* instead of *Fortune*, were in *that esteem* which they ought to be, then, no Favour or Advancement would be able to change Men either in their *Temper* or *Behaviour*.—*Offentation* and *Pride* on account of *Honours* and *Reverendments* is much more disagreeable to Us than on any *Personal Qualifications*:
it

To THE PRINCE OF WALES, and all the
English, Irish, and Scotch NOBILITY.

Not *All* that are accounted GREAT,

Deserve to bear *that* name :

The *Wicked*, tho' in th' *highest* seat,

To GREATNESS have *no* claim !

N O T E.

it argues that Men don't deserve *Great Places*,
when They can value Themselves on nothing
better ; If a Man would be valued for *real* ex-
cellencies, the way to it, is, by being "*Illus-
triously Good* !" for even the *Greatest* Men are
more respected for the eminence of their *Piety*
and *Virtue* than their *Power* and *Riches*.—In
former times, "*Nobility* was the reward of
Virtue," but *now*, it is become the gift of
Fortune, and too often the reward of *Vice*.
Twenty Years of *Virtuous* and *Honourable* Actions,
can't make *one* *Nobleman*, but *Five* of *Extortion*
and *Villainy* will make a *Thousand* ! for in *these*
Times, *Letters of Recommendation* are too often
the steps to *that* honour : and that they are so
the following *Instance*, among many others which
might be brought, will plainly prove. — "A
"*Commoner*, some time ago, being examined
"*about* his claim to *Nobility*, having pre-
sented

The STAR that shines on guilty Breast
 Or an illustrious Pearl,
 May decorate the outward Vest,
 And tell Us, "There's An EARL!"

A

H

But

N O T E.

SENTED to THE Premier a Letter from LORD B. After he had read it, "Sir," said he, make Yourself quite easy! This Letter carries with it such undoubted marks of NOBILITY, as is sufficient to make an honest NOBLEMAN of as many COLOURED, though the most obscure and ignoble upon Earth! — Happy were those Times when NOBILITY was the reward of VIRTUE; but most certainly the reverse, when it became the title of Those who tarnish'd the lustre of their Paternal VIRTUE with all sorts of VICES. To be descended of illustrious Ancestors, and to sully one's Birth by infamous Actions, is, as some ingenious Writer smartly observes, "To be of the number of those Children, who are nursing a viper to their Father!" How contemptible therefore is the NON-SENSE who lives without HONOUR and PROBITY; who seems to appear in the World for no other end than to oppress it with the tyrannical weight of an HIGH BARRA, which he is continually disgracing by his VICES; and how many would have been as virtuous as the

But strip him of the brilliant Coat
 And shew the real Man:
 And when the borrowed light is out
 Admire him if You can!

N O T E.

the reverse, had they been born of *no* noble Parents! Don't We find this, too often! in too many of Those, who are call'd (though falsely) GREAT MEN? They behave themselves haughtily to their *Equals*, disdainful to their *Inferiors*, and thus They make Themselves contemptible! They talk in a lofty tone, bestow their favours from mere whim, and caprice, are liberal without discretion, and too much under the tyranny of their passions, which are continually changing and succeeding each other! They would have *other* Elements, and are troubled that they breathe the *same* Air, and are enlighten'd by the *same* Sun with the rest of Mankind! They would also have (if they could) *another* God, and a *different* Religion from *that* of the *Vulgar*; approving *that* most which best suits with the gratification of their Passions! and yet, as there are no general Rules without *exceptions*, there are *some*, and *many* too it is to be hoped, that by their *truly* good and virtuous Actions, throw such a lustre around them, as not only dignify their *Title*, but also HUMAN NATURE!

A servile World may cringe and bow,
And homage pay to Names:

A servile World We can't but know,
Are mean in all their aims!

But Goodness 'tis, with *solid* worth
Which dignify's our Nature:

Go then, Young Prince! from early birth,
With it to grace each Feature!

Let TRUE RELIGION be your STAR!

By VIRTUE's dictates live:

You'll then have honour greater far,
Than gaudy Titles give.

And when this *visionary* fort

Of empty GREATNESS dies:

May You in HEAVEN's glorious Court

To endless honour rise!

To *Thee*, these lines I chiefly send,

O! deign them worth *some* care!

Small is the *Present*, but the *Friend*

Is heartily sincere!

76 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS,

MOTTO. IV. *Ovid and Horace.*

Donec (1) eris *fælix*, (2) multos numerabis
amicos,

(3) Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes !

(4) Sapias, & spatio brevi

Spem longam refeces : (5) dum loquimur,
fugerit invida

Ætas, (6) carpe diem, quam minimum cre-
dula postero !

To * LORD NORTH, Prime-Minister of
England.

My LORD ! (1) while You're of Power
possest,

No wonder that You're so (2) carest,
And

N O T E O N A L L A S O F T

* The *Translator* has not the least doubt of his
Lordship's Generosity for this friendly Advice to
him, to speak to HIS MAJESTY in his behalf
for a *Good Living*, as he has been in *Orders* now
almost *Thirty Years* : but *solely* for want of *In-
terest*, never yet able to get any, nor indeed does
he ever expect it, (unless his *Lordship* will be
pleased to become his *MÆCENAS*) and therefore
so far, he has *Mr. Pope's* Beatitude, " Blessed is
" he

And will be still—thus at your Levee

Numbers attend, some brisk, some heavy.

PREMIER—KNIGHT of the GARTER too!

But if *these* honours will not do,

You're Oxford's CHANCELLOR, it seems,

To *Isis* Sons what golden dreams

Of *Mitres*, *Deanries*, and *fat Stalls*,

Which you've entirely at your call;

But let's suppose that You've *resign'd*,

That is, TURN'D OUT (to speak your mind)

(3) No Friend will then think worth his

while

Your Levee to relieve from toil!—

“ Thus have I seen at *Tower-Stairs*,

“ The *Watermen* who've wanted Fares,

“ Cry out, *ply close*, and there abide

“ By Those *drawing near* the *Water-side*;

H 3.

CHARS

“ he that expects *nothing*, for he shall *not* be dis-

“ appointed!”—though, if *He* please, he could

like a good *far Staller* in one of our Cathedrals as

well, believing that he can *sleep* there with as

good a grace as his *BETTERS*, for his own em-
 lument, and the *Benefit* of THE CHURCH.

* A true Picture (according to *Pope* or *Shelf*)

of a *Basilius* *going into* or *going out* of a *House*

" OARS OF SCULLER, Sirs! but when

" From Water-side They're going, then

" No notice is to them directed

" But depart silent and neglected!"

(4) Be wise then, while You're in at Court,

And think your time may be but short!

Nay (5) while We speak, or turn about,

Some envious moments may fly out

To cut off hope! (6) Ne'er trust to-morrow,

As present time may stop all sorrow,

Get what you can for SELF!—beside

If more, for WIFE and FIRE-SIDE!

But if You must RESIGN at last,

Dye hard! and what You've got, hold fast!

MOTTO V. Ovid.

Scilicet ut fulvum spectatur in-ignibus Aurum,

Tempore sic duræ est inspicienda Fides.

Si non Euryalus Rutulos cecidisset in hostes,

Hirtacida Nisi gloria nulla foret!

To a celebrated GENERAL OFFICER, at the

late Battle of Minden.

Like as in fires the yellow Gold is try'd,

So in hard Times is Honestly descry'd,

If amongst Foes brave SACKVILLE had not

fell,

GERMAN no glory would have had to tell

MOTTO.

80 **EPICRAMS and Madrigals**

To LORD H. IV Sir E. T. D.
Honourable CHARLES WILSON, and all
others of the same spirit, both for the
To save the Body, both fire and sword you'll
bear,
Nor with the stream to quench your thirst.
To heal the Mind, You'll undergo no smart,
Yet of the two, the Mind's the nobler part!

Most of you, I know, are
The vivimus ambrosia
Paupertate Omnis!

To all the Good PEOPLE of the two Cities of
LONDON and WESTMINSTER.

Here We all live, both Small and Great, U
And strut, and stare, and st— in state!

U
A

MOTTO.

Translated, imitated, &c.

81

MOTTO IX. *The same.*

— — — — — *maiore tumultu*
Planguntur *nummi* quam Funera! Nemo
dolorem

Fingit in hoc casu;

Ploratur lachrymis *amissa pecunia peris.*

T. — — — — — *Gibbs, Esq. late of the Custom-*
House, and all such heavenly-minded MAN-
MONISTS.

Old Usurers lament their *ruined Chest*
More than at Funerals, when with grief op-
press!

For it is known that No one in this case
Assumes the *feigned, hypocritic face;*

Whatever Some *feign* to other Men's belief,
Yet *loss* of Money shews their *real* grief.

MOTTO X. *Horace.*

— — — — — *& rebus omiffis,*
Atria *servantem postico falle Clientem.*

To LORD H—b—d. o M

Would I *slip out* and fling the Bailiff?
As *Somebody* once, 'tis said, did *Ayliffe*:
No—Not of *Egypt* was I *Caliph*!

Motto XI. *The same.*

*Est modus in rebus: sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.*

To THE PREMIER, SECRETARIES of STATE,
LORD MANSFIELD, and the CABINET
COUNCILS in the Park, Whitehall, &c.

To be *somewhat* IN DEBT may be thought
O YE GREAT!
In these good, FRUGAL Times, to suit well
with the State.

But alas! my *wise* Lords! at the rate *We*
go on,

The d—l is in it if *We* ar'nt undone!

Motto

Translated, imitated, &c. 83

MOTTO XII. *The same.*

MAJOR sum quam cui possit Fortuna nocere!

I'm **GREATER** far than what Folks preach,
Being happily *out* of Fortune's reach!

Calum non **Annus** mutant, qui trans mare
current!

Those who beyond Sea run, We find
Change but the *Climat*—not **THE MIND**!

To **LORDS BUTE** and **HOLLAND**, on their late
frequent excursions to the Continent, especially
just before the meeting of a Parliament.

MOTTO XIII. *The same.*

O **RUS**! quando ego te aspiciam! quandoque
licebit

Nunc Veterum libris,

Ducere sollicitæ jucunda obliviam!

— **ergo**
Sermo oritur, non de Villis Domibusve alienis:

Nec male necne Lepos saltet: sed quod ma-
gis ad Nos

Pertinet,

34 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

Pertinet, & nescire malum est, agitamus:
utrumne

Divitiis Homines, an sint *Virtute*, beati?
Et quæ sit natura *Boni*, summumque quid
ejus!

To the DUTCHESS of RICHMOND, LADY
PEMBROKE, the Honourable MISS TRYON,
and All such excellent WOMEN who are fond
of the Country.

O RURAL LIFE! when shall I thee enjoy!
And ancient Love our happy hours employ,
Life's anxious cares thus sweetly to destroy!

— — — — — and after that,
Some Topic start, which may prove useful
Chat.

And then that Conversation We've enough,
Not of our Neighbours Villas, or such Stuff!
But what concerns Us more—which not to
know,

Means our hearts evil—nay—it proves them
so! —

Whether by *Wealth* or *Virtue* We're more
blest!

What's our *Chief Good*? of which We are
in quest,

And which we want so much to be possess!

Pertinet

MOTTO

MOTTO XIV. *The same.*

"LUXURIA triumphans."

O R

"OLD ENGLAND in Glory."

Sævier Armis

LUXURIA incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem !

To that grave, pious, chaste, and virtuous
Matron, the Procurefs of all Good Things
for our N^BILITY and GENTRY of both
Sexes, MADAM CORNELYS—Master of AL-
MACK'S—Proprietors of the PANTHEON,
or more properly PANDÆMONIUM, &c.

War's a less Curse than LUXURY, which
produces
Ills, that soon drain our Money, Blood, and
Juices !

I

MOTTO

N O T E.

See the NOTE at PART II.

The Translator, had he room in this small
Collection, would gratify his English Reader's
Curiosity, by drawing a parallel between the
Luxury of the old Greeks and Romans; and that
of England; but for want of this, he can only
observe, "That he can never hope to vye in
future Annals with those once famous Nations,
but by *trailing* in their *Reps*:" and, "That

36 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

MOTTO XV. — *Virgil*

O fortunatos nimium! sua si bona norint!

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

No Nation e'er so blest as *this*!

Too happy! did They know their *bliss*!

MOTTO

N O T E.

it's *Premier* can never expect to be *below'd* at home, or *respected* abroad, but by encouraging all the various modes of *Luxury* as much as possible, it being attended with such *advantageous* and *blest* Effects to the Nation in general, and the *Court, Church, Army, Navy, and Trade* in particular; for what business would the *Chancellor* have, was it not for sealing Bankruptcies, The *Physicians*, was it not for Colds, Fevers, Weakness of Nerves, Hysterics, &c. The *Bishops*, was it not for furnishing Them with *Subjects* for preaching against the *blest* effects of it in all it's *various* ways; and even The Gentlemen of *the Sword*, was it not for *Duels* and other *wise* and *judicious* Midnight Brawls and Quarrels about women of *all* Characters, and Ladies of *none*; as, to be sure, *Soho Square*, the *Pandemonium*, and all *such* Places, are snug and clever for *those* Gentlemen and Ladies whose *Virtue* is as *easy* and *pliant* in the Months of *December* and *January*, as *May* and *June*: and therefore may well be called, "Mathematical and Magical Mouse-traps" for *chaste Wives, Maids, or Widows*."

Translated, imitated, &c.

MOTTO XVI. *

Et niger & nequam, cum sis cognomine

NEQUAM!

Nigrior esse potes, nequior esse nequis!

TO PARSON H—E.

Thou'rt black and naught, since thy Sur-
name's † A CURSE!

Blacker Thou may'st be, but canst not be
worse!

12

MOTTO

N O T E.

* These two punning lines in Latin, were written by a certain Right Reverend PUNSTER, whose Name the Translator (as in filial duty bound to his Spiritual Fathers, and for a most extraordinary reason, which it is well his Readers don't know) thinks proper to conceal.

† If an Horn is a Blessing, ask his GRACE of
G— and all the Cuckolds in England.

XVII.—*Horace.*

————— ALIENA negotia curō,
Excussus PROPRIIS !

To Mr. WOODWARD, in the Character of
MARPLOT.

At HOME having shak'n off all concern,
From OTHERS I'd fain something learn !

MOTTO XVIII.—*Virgil.*

————— & crimine ab uno,
Disce Omnes !

To The Twelve CITY Companies on some of
their Fraternities who died of a Surfeit at
some late Feasts at The Mansion House and
at Guildhall last Lord Mayor's Day.

————— and thus from These Men's crime,
Learn all ! eat gently, and be wise in time !

PART

I mean in writing well: for as to that I make no doubt I'll give 'U' full
enough!

SPARRA COE

My Father, I have loved
All up together in these leaves, by Love!

TRANSLATIONS,

IMITATIONS, &c.

CUM fueret *lutulentus*, erat quod tollere
velles,
Garrulus, atque piger scribendi ferre laborem,
Scribendi recte: nam ut *multum*, nil moror!
HOR.

TO THE TRANSLATOR of these *Epigrams*,
Mottos, &c.

Methinks I hear my Friends, the Critics,
say,
“Our Author’s stream flows dey’lish thick
to day.

And yet the Dog has something worth the
taking,

“Though he writes just as if his back was
breaking:

" I mean in writing *well* : for as to *stuff* !

" I make no doubt he'll give Us full
enough !

———— SPARSA coëgi !

My *scatter'd* Pieces from each Page I've drove
All up together in these leaves, by Jove !

The following MOTTOS or *short Passages* with their introductory *Titles* o'top down to the 60th inclusive, were (but in part only) publish'd some Years ago, and not then address'd to any one in particular—besides—they have now so many and very considerable Additions and Alterations, as to make them appear quite *new* ! and as to some detached Epigrams or other little fugitive, trifling Pieces scattered up and down the Public Papers which the Reader will now and then meet with, towards the end of this Collection, and which the *Translator* doubts not but that now they are utterly lost and forgotten, He has taken the liberty, on apprizing his Reader of it, to collect them, with additions and alterations, for his entertainment.

MOTTE

MOTTO XIX. Horace.

"Orpheus, damnatus."

"The d—I take the *Fiddle-stick*."

~~nunc pede libero~~
Pulsanda tellus!

To WILLIAM BURCHELL, Esq. *Bishopsgate-street, whose only Daughter and Heiress was * stolen (it seems) the Sunday before Michaelmas Day, from a noted Boarding-School towards the West End of the Town, by the Dancing-Master.*

Now, now's the time, dear Miss! for Us to dance,

No matter where—to Scotland, or to France!

NOT E.

* The Translator ever studious for the happiness of all Parents and Guardians, thinks, that the Fellow (whoever he was, Noble, Gentleman-like, or Vulgar) who invented that infernal piece of machinery, a Rope Ladder, ought to be hanged—Nay—he would think so himself, had he any Conscience, and did but in the least consider, how very ingenious the heads of our young Misses are

MOTTO XX. *Lucan.*

"AMBI-DEXTER,"

O R

"The art of soon getting an Estate by
taking Fees on *both* sides."

Dexter utrâque manu captando, & fronte
modesta!

To the late SIR BULLFACE DOUBLEFEE, of
ever-blushing and modest Memory!

Dextrous at catching with *each* hand!
A modest Front! and well-starched Band!

MOTTO

N O T E.

are to run off with a clever, smart Young Fellow,
or even old one now-a-days.—He therefore most
earnestly advises Them, to have a strict eye *Them-*
selves at the packing up their Trunks and Boxes,
when entering into their *fifteenth* Year; nay,
their *thirteenth* won't be a bit too soon, accord-
ing to the late Elopement of Mr. SECRETARY
MORRIS with his very young *Ward*; We may
therefore well cry out with the old Roman Poet,

—quid non mortalia pectora cogis

AURI sacra fames!

i. e. Gentle Reader, "O MONEY, MONEY!"

"what havock dost Thou make with our *Heads*
"and *Tails*!"

MOTTO XXI. *Horace and Virgil.*

Magna Charta MEDICORUM,

O R

WARWICK-LANE in an Uproar."

— sic tristes affatus amicos :

"Quo Nos cunque feret melior, Fortuna
parente,

"Ibimus O focii ! "Superasque evadere
ad auras

"Hic labor, hoc opus est !"

"Nil desperandum TEUCRO Duce, & Auf-
pice TEUCRO !

"Certus enim promisit APOLLO,

"Ambiguam tellure novâ Salamina fu-
turam

"O Fortes pejoraque passi

"Mecum sæpe Viri ! nunc vino pellite
curas,

"Gras ingens iterabimus æquor !"

To SIR WILLIAM ———, * a late President of the College of Physicians.

Sir William thus address'd his drooping Friends :

" Come on, Sirs ! now ! where fortune condescends

" To favour Us !"

" What

N O T E.

* DUNCAN or BROWNE, the Translator is uncertain which. But this *Farce* between THE COLLEGE and LICENTIATES was finely represented some time ago at the Theatre-Royal in Warwick-Lane. — Written, and the *Principal* Characters performed with great applause by SIR WILLIAM. At the end of the first was an original Dance by VULCAN and his CYCLOPS with their *Pick-Axes* and *Bow Hammers* on their Shoulders, to the amazement of those within the Theatre, and diversion without. But just before the end, Gentle Reader, was " The d—l to pay, or the *Farce* metamorphos'd !" for while SIR WILLIAM was giving directions to VULCAN, &c. how to administer an *aperient* Medicine for the *costiveness* of the Patients within doors, He and his Brother Actors were forced instantly to quit the Stage, and run off as fast as They could, leaving their *Clothes*, *Scenes*, *Decorations*, and *Machinery*, all behind them !

"What tho' We have to mount a *stony Hill*;

"('Tis true—it is the d—l of a *PILL*!")

"But I'm your *Leader*! Me then boldly follow!

"Since I'm assur'd expressly by *APOLLO*,

"Our *Charter* gives Us Place—O You who've that

"My dangers often with Me! be prepar'd!

"Drown all your Cares in *Wine*: but not too much!

"For by to-morrow's Sun We'll have a *thorough Touch*!"

* *MOTTO XXII. Horace.*

"*ORA PRO NOBIS!*"

O R

"The Groans and Lamentations of the

"*Old and New Testament*, to the two

"*Houses of CONVOCATION!*"

O *Seri Studiorum!* —

Industrious Sirs! *blest* may your labours be:
And from *Moths, Chandlers Shops, and Paf-*
try Cooks, for ever free!

Perrupit

N O T E.

* The *Translator* is very sorry to tell his kind
Readers that he fears there is but too much rea-
son

96 EPIGRAMS and MOTTO:

Perrupit *Acheronta* *Herculeus* labor !
Nil *Mortalibus* arduum est !
 COELUM ipsum petimus stultitiâ !

To the Reverend Messrs. RIDER, DODD, and
 all other equally Cabbalistic DIVINES, IN-
 TERPRETERS, and COMMENTATORS in
 the Kingdom, whose Names the Translator
 has not the honour to know or recollect.

Our boldness has (O strange to tell !)
 Burst thro' the Gates of gloomy H— !
 There's no attempt can *some* Men gravel !
 Ev'n HEAV'N's designs We now unravel !

MOTTO

N O T E.

son for this complaint of the two POOR OLD
 SOULS ! caused by the violent *squeezes*, *pinches*,
 and *tortures* which They every Year undergo by
 certain Persons who call themselves *Interpreters*
 and *Commentators*, from the humble A. B. to the
 modest D. D. or L. L. D. but laboured, no
 doubt, with a good design to compose the *Heads*
 of all *Bad* Sleepers, as well as mend the *Hearts*
 of all good Christian People.

* M O T T O XXIII. *The same.*

"HODIE Mihi, CRAS Tibi."

O R,

"Stand in the Gap to nick their time."

K

Tibi

N O T E.

* This *honest, laudable, and well-known* Affair, to which (Gentle Reader!) this Passage of ours alludes, did not happen so long ago, as to be, even now, quite out of remembrance; and, 'tis pity it ever should be, for the immortal *honour, credit and reputation* of all such LATITUDINARIAN Priests, who so piously and prudently follow St. Paul's Advice, "in setting their Affections on things *Above*, not on things of the *Earth*!" However, in this *very honourable* Affair of the worthy and distressed Family that was concerned in it, that *pious Saint* and "Servant of the Church that is at *Cenchrea*!" (Bath, and other Places in this Kingdom) LADY PHOEBE HUNTINGDON, has, it seems, by the *Shreds* of her Bounty, endeavoured as well as she could (though late) to *patch up* this tattered,

— — — — — “ Tibi *Me* virtus tua fecit
amicum!

“ Eripiet quivis oculos citius mihi, quam
Te

“ Contemptum *cassâ* nuce pauperet! hæc
mea cura est

“ Ne quid Tu *perdas*! — — — — — “ ire do-
domum, atque

“ Pelliculam curare!”

Quod vero arripuit, — — — — —

Non missura cutem, nisi plena *crucis* Hi-
KUDO!

To LADY HUNTINGDON, The Rev. Messrs.
HAWES and MADAN, and all such of the
Clergy as are blest with the happy advanta-
ges of long, broad or wide CONSCIENCES!

Good Sir! (in case of a Mishap)

“ I’ll be your Friend! and stand o’ the Gap!”

“ I’ll sooner die than You shall take

“ Harm for a LITTLE Conscience-sake!”

Not a single morsel of that
moth-eaten Garment of Mortality, that had been
so long torn by the Tenter-hooks of Worldly Pas-
sions, by giving the sum of 1000*l.*

" 'Tis my concern, and all my Care,

" Left you should *lose* in this *Affair*!

" Go home, and spirits so recruit,

" As with your health it may best suit!"

But what THE LEECH had fix'd on as it's

Good,

'Twill ne'er let go, until it's gorg'd with
Blood!

MOTTO XXIV. *The same.*

" *BURONES concussus*"

O R

" THE SERJEANTS in high spirits at West-
minster-Hall."

sapientem pascere barbam

FRATER erat Romæ Consulii. —

To SAR JAMES EYRE, Knt. and GEORGE

HILL, Esq. lately made Serjeants at Law.

I think, quoth *Mudge*, I look most wondrous
wise,

As plainly's seen by both my half-shut eyes!

K 2

Why

100 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES,

Why yes, says Suffer—*Lawyers* at a BRO-
THER

Thus look, and wisely cry, “*Metinks I
spy ANOTHER.*”

MOTTO XXV. *The same.*

† “*Nolo Episcopari.*”

O R

“*The modest Priest’s UNWILLINGNESS to
be made a Bishop.*”

Ut

N O T E S.

* This is the *Pbrase*, it seems, *still* in use at
“a Call of Serjeants :—” and the *Lawyer* that is
to be the *new-made* Serjeant, is, as it were,
dragged up to the Bench, as though much against
his Will!—droll and absurd enough! But *Cus-
tom*, that *Tyrant*! must *still* prevail over Reason,
Common Sense, and Understanding, so it is
again, Gentle Reader! in his *next* Passage still
more flagrantly and unpardonably, which the
Translator presents to your view.

† This same Absurdity prevails *here* too, it
seems—O syc upon it! for this is the *Pbrase* used
by

Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica,
Sic mihi tarda suavit' ingratique vapores,
Consiliumque morantur agendi graviter Io.

K 3

Ta

N O T E.

by Those who are to be the new Bishop; but is not this, "Ludere cum Sacris,"—"Jesting with things Sacred?"—Did Timothy or Titus, when St. Paul ordained them Bishops of Ephesus and Crete, say thus? Whence then could this impious, as well as absurd, Custom arise? to make an honest man come before his SOVEREIGN with an absolute Lye in his Mouth? God knows, the mouth of Slander from the Enemies of the best-constituted Church this day upon the face of the Earth is too much open against her Clergy, without giving them such occasions as this! Could a Person be unseen in the King's Closet, when upon this answer being given by the Priest, he was to be taken at his word, and dismissed by His Majesty without it? Mercy on Us! what pleasant and joyful looks would he discover at his having discharged his Heart and his Tongue of such a grievous Load, and escaped the fiery Tryal! But, according to the honest Old Monk, his old MUMPSIMUS is (by the Good Sense and Wisdom of the Times!) still to prevail over and keep down the new SUMPSIMUS! These things, Gentle Reader! We can only see and lament!

To Messrs. SEATT, DODD, and All Those of
the Reverend Clergy, who think They stand
fair for, or dream of A BISHOPRICK.

As Night is tedious to Those
Who're trick'd by Betty, Nan, or Rose:
So are the days to Me, who dish up
My life in hopes to be A BISHOP!

MOTTO XXVI. *The same.*

Simon-Magus in Veste INTERIORI.

O R,

SMOCK-SIMONY.

Scilicet Uxorem cum DOTE Fidemque &
Amicos,

Et Genus & Formam REGINA PECUNIA
donat:

Ac bene nummatam decorat Suadela, Venusque.

To

To ALL SUCH of the Clergy as would be glad
to fall in the way of Archbishops, Bishops, or
other Patrons Relicks, Sisters, Daughters,
Nieces, or Cousins, who have a good fat
Living tyed to their Apron-Strings.

Believe Us, Gemmen ! a RICH Wife,
Has all the Virtues of this Life !
Honour, Friends, Birth, and Beauty too :
And more—but surely *these* will do ;
Venus præsid^{ing} on each hip,
And Eloquence on either lip ;
But if *all these* arn't to your mind,
The d—P's in You, or You're blind ! *

MOTTO

N O T E.

*—It is amazing, Gentle Reader, how soon
all *short* Young Ladies or Old Maids (with a
good fat Living tyed to their Apron-Strings)
become of a *proper* height in the eyes of Us, poor
Parsons ! *crooked* ones, quite *strait* and *gentle* !
and *ugly* ones with *crabbed* Looks and *sour* Tem-
pers, as *beautifull*, *smiling*, and *good-natured* as
VENUS and the GRACES ! The Translator has
designed this more particularly for the use and
benefit of all young Cantabs and Oxonians just
entered

MOTTO XXVII. *The same.*

"Amica lute Sus."

O R

"Old Hens in the Sals."

O Cives! Cives! quaerenda Pecunia pri-
mum est!

N O T E.

entered into *Priest's* Orders, for which, no doubt, he will have their best thanks! and therefore, by all means, advises Them to lose no time, especially if they find themselves rather *idle* and *squandish* in Conscience, when such an advantageous Match offers for so happily disposing of Themselves for Life: This Motto then, is highly necessary to be read and Practised forthwith, by all such *able body'd* Divines as would wish to fall in the way of the dear pretty Crea-

To OLD MONEYTRAP, in Thames-Street,
who dropt his Money-Bag with Cash and
Notes to above 500*l*. the other day, between
the Bank and 'Change as he was trudging with
his Daughter under his Arm: at 12 W on T

O Sirs! Sirs! help! why do ye lag?
Ne'er mind my Daughter—where's my Bag?

MOTTO XXVIII. *Virgil.*

"*Oeconomia illustrata,*"

O R

"The benefits and pleasures of a *Mad Life*
"now in vogue."

— — — *facilis descensus AVERNIS!*

To the DEMI-REPS, and all other Ladies of
 Spirit and Fire frequenting Soho-Square,
 the Pandæmonium, Almack's, and all other
 Places of Piety and Virtue.

The Way is quite easy and smooth (as 'tis
 fit)

Since Folks will go down to the Bottom-
 less Pit.

• M O T T O XXIX.

ΠΕΡΙΩΔΙΟΝ

“PERRIWODUM Funnidos,”

“σταθιστὴν ἀναισθητοῦ”

O R

The great Advantages of large Perriwigs,
 and of the Glasses.

Μεγάλα Περριωδία, καὶ Μεγάλα Κίεδορ. — Hippocr. Apho-
 rismi.

To

N O T E.

• The Translator begs pardon of the Ladies
 and his English Readers for tipping a bit of Greek
 upon.

MOTTO
To SIR WILLIAM BROWNE, M. D. Queen-
Square, Holborn, Knight of the Golden-
Pistle.

“Great Books great Evils are,” ’tis said,
But here we’re All agreed,
That if with WIG You load the Head,
You’ll then get nobly FEE’d.

Oh! had I *half* that WIG contains!
No matter for the *Head* or *Brains*:
I then might vye with any *Galen*,
To put a stop to ev’ry ailing.

This Poem, inserted with universal applause, as
appears daily in the Papers, on the various stages
in London and Westminster, to the entire content
of all such Heads as are strong enough to let the
Motto of each Head. The principal Characters of
the Poem is added; and performed for
the sole use and benefit of such as have wear
that but know no harm in it. At the end
of the Poem, in a wonderful manner (by very
fine Wit and other agreeable Agents) of a
upon Them, but assures Them very honestly,
that no sort of Indelicacy is wrapt up in it, and
that it is sufficiently explained as above, as his
ingenious and learned Friend Dr. Faustus
will assure them.

MOTTO XXX. Dr. Elserichius.

"Vita in Periculo,"

O R

"The last squeak for your Life."

Si Populus vult decipi, decipiatur!

N O T E.

This Farce, is acted with universal applause, as appears daily in the Papers, on the various Stages in London and Westminster, to the entire quietus of all such Heads as are strong enough to see the end of both Acts. The principal Characters by Those to whom it is address'd; and performed for the sole use and benefit of such as have weak Heads but strong Hearts in Faith. At the end of Act the First, is a wonderful Dance (by very fine Wires and other invisible Agents) of Bottles of all sizes, from the biggest used in the Laboratory down to your thumb, Glasses, Crucibles, Gally-Pass, Spatulas, Pill-Boxes, Scissors, Galbeters, Clyster-Pipes, Pistles and Mortars, and the whole

To Dr. HILL, NORTON, and all our other celebrated Empirics in and about London and Westminster, who deal out (in the Daily Papers) their Album Græcum, so plentifully for the benefit of Dunces, Pupplicarys, Nurses, Undertakers, and Parish-Clerks.

To You, † Sirs ! and Ourselves We should be wanting

[† The Doctors bowing round to their Patients.

Were We to drop our good old art of Canting :

You've seen what pains 't to make up our Elixirs,

Which (like Tobacco-Hic) when well, will will make you sick, Sirs !

N O T E.

apparatus of the *Materia Medica*, so very artfully and ingeniously contrived, as not to strike against each other : with the *Epilogue* ending as in the MOTTO, the Doctors holding a roll of Pigtail-Tobacco in their hands, with the following words round it in large GOLD Letters, SI POPULUS VULT DECIPI, DECIPIATUR !—that is, Gentle Reader,

There's ne'er a Bolus in this Town,
But JOHN will gape and gulp it down !

310 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

To be sick first, is *sure* sign of *Health*,
For which We know You will not grudge
your Wealth.

* XXXI. *Virgil.*

"MARS in splendore."

O R

"MILITARY Discipline in Perfection."

Arma VIRUM que cano! 1

To

N O T

* As the *Translator* was favour'd with a *very*
valuable Anecdote or two of this famous CITY
MALITIOUS Officer, no less celebrated for his
Ingenuity in *Military* Matters than his *Courage*, he
(as *Dr. Hill* very wisely observes) "would be
very much wanting to himself and The Public."
was he to omit inserting them; "That he has
formed by some years labour and study, a most
curious and complete *Work* of MILITARY
DISCIPLINE, taking in the whole view and
settling of *Marches* and *Counter-marches* in and
about the City, in case it should be invaded by
the *French*, *Dutch*, *Spaniards*, or a *Rebellion*;
shewing, in case of forced marches, "a *new*
and *expeditious* way of reducing the Ranks and
Files from twelve or ten, to six or four instantly,
by

To that brave and gallant Commander LIEUTENANT-COLONEL STAB-RAG, Budgate-Hill, and the rest of the GENERAL Officers of the City Malitious Men, and honourable Strange Bands.

Arms and THE MAN I sing, who ****
His Breeches full when he did list!

COTTON travestly'd.

L 2

MOTTO

N O T E.

by the word of Command, without destroying regularity;" "a new way of avoiding the springing a mine (commonly called "*The Forlorn Hope*") by running backwards over it as fast as possible, that You may'nt see the danger before You;" "a new way also of handling your *Fire-Arms*, so as to make them serve for *Quarter-Stones*, to save Ammunition: "killing in the *Parthian* way, more enemies at your retreat than standing to your Arms, &c. &c. &c." —with such *manœuvres* and *Revolutions* as are not to be found in the *Prussian Code*, or any other now extant! —In two Volumes Folio, nobly bound IN CALF, gilt round the edges, and letter'd. The whole adorn'd with a most curious sett of Plates of these new Inventions —with an elegant Frontispiece of HIMSELF resting upon his *Musket* in his *Chariot* as he was going to the *Artillery Ground* one rainy Day,
with

MOTTO XXXII. *Horace.*

“*Dies Funebris,*”

O R

“*MY LADY in the Dumps.*”

DOM. Quis desiderio fit pudor, aut modus,
Tam carorum caputū? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, *Melpomene!* ———

Multis illæ Bonis flebiles occidunt!

Nulli flebiliore quam *Mibi!*

ELIZ. Durum! sed levius fit patientiā
Quicquid corrigere est nefas! ———

To

N O T E.

with his *Black* leading two *Sumpter* Horses behind, very richly caparisoned! Dedicated to the Honourable Colonels, Lieutenant Colonels, and other General Officers of the *Strange-Bands* and *Artillery Company*.—As this noble *LIEUTENANT COLONEL's* Modesty is such, that he could never yet be prevailed upon to publish it, only permitting a *A COPY* of it for *The British Museum*, and about *ten* or a *dozen* more to be taken for some very particular Friends, the following Anecdote will account how the *Translator* had the honour of the sight of this most valuable *MANUSCRIPT*.
“In our last *German War*, the same of it having reached

To LADY S—— S——, Kensington,
*who is inconsolable on the Death of her
 Lap-Dog, Parrot, and Monkey, and all
 such excellent examples in London and West-
 minster of true Christian Charity in shewing
 their grief by blubbering Eyes and swell'd
 Noses for the melancholy and irreparable
 loss of such near and dear Relations!*

LADY.—Ah! Betty! what degrees or mea-
 sures

Of grief for loss of such dear Treasures?

L 3

Oh

N O T E.

reached the ears of the *King of Prussia*, He gave
 express orders *in private* to his Agent whom He
 sent over for horses to remount his *Cavalry*, to
 get, if possible, A COPY of it at any rate; being
 a dev'lish artful Fellow, he contriv'd so, for
 FIFTY Guineas each, as to procure two Copies;
 one he gave his *Master*, and the other (not
 known how) fell most unluckily for the *King!*
 into the hands of the late *Marshal Daun*; His
 Majesty suspecting some *roguery* in this Affair,
 ordered the Agent to be hung up directly; and
this is the very COPY found in the Marshal's
Cabinet, with the Arms of the German Empire
finely emblazon'd upon it, and was sent over
 here

Oh *Muse!* in sadly pleasing strains
 Teach Me, and thus relieve my pains!
 Their deaths are by *HIS GRACE* lamented!
 And so far I remain contented:
 But trust Me, *Betty!* that their distress
 Is wept by none more than their *MISTRESS*.
BETTY.—'Tis hard, *Ma'am!* but what
 can't be cur'd,
 By patience will be best endur'd!

MOTTO

N O T E.

here to Mr. *LANGFORD* with a strict charge to be put into one of his most valuable *Sales!* so that We see it is A *WORK* of great use and importance *abroad* as well as *at home*; and we are still further assured, "That the *Marshal*, who was justly called the *Austrian Fabius*, declared to his General Officers once, at a Council of War, "That all his best *Halts* and *Delays*, whereby he so foil'd the *King of Prussia*, were entirely owing to this *pretious WORK*,"—as the *judicious* Author of it proceeds upon such *safe* Principles, as "Avast, Avast, Gentlemen!"—"What the d—l are Ye all after?" "Fair" "and softly!" "Look before You leap!" &c. &c. &c.

Translated, imitated, &c. 105

MOTTO XXXIII. *Juvenal.*

"ANNUS MIRABILIS,"

O R

"THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND, SEVEN
HUNDRED, and SEVENTY-FIVE!"

— — — *Omnia ROMÆ*
Cum Pretio!

N O T E.

To

* It is amazing, Gentle Reader, to consider the immense *advantages* of SEPTENNIAL Parliaments, the *folly* and *madness* of TRIENNIAL, and much more ANNUAL ones, in the cases of *Bribery*, *Perjury*, *Lyes*, *Gluttony* and *Drunkenness*, *Oaths* and *Curses*, with a long train of *Virtues* so instrumental to the *Welfare* and *Happiness* of A NATION, which could not be so completely effected in less than *once* in SEVEN Years! And therefore the *Translator* can't help applauding the *PEEMIER's* great sagacity (as *Manager* of The *Political Theatre* in ST. STEPHEN'S Chapel) in throwing out all *Motions* made by SIR GEORGE, Messrs. TOWNSEND, SAWBRIDGE, and all such *old-fashioned Patriots* for *Triennial Parliaments*, as this is like the *Titans* fighting against JUPITER, by endeavouring to shake his *Throne of Power*, which would soon begin to totter, and effectually fall, if the *aforsaid blessed Virtues* were once destroyed. Besides—what would become of the *Magna Charta* or *Palladium* of the English.

116 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

To SIR GEORGE SAVILLE,—SIR W. W. WYNNE, and what few such real FREEMEN there are in the three Kingdoms.

In England, it is said, “All have their Price!”

From Highest to the Lowest love a Slice:

SHIPPEN except, who scorn'd it in a trice,

Tho' offer'd by SIR ROBERT more than thrice.

MOTTO

N O T E,

English in making the most of Themselves, from the dissolution of the old Parliament to the election of Members for a new one, by giving Them *Estates* for SEVEN Years, or *Places* in the *aforsaid* CHAPEL for that Time, only for the trifling consideration of from two to five Thousand Pounds, as the honest Folks of Shoreham, Lynn, Sudbury, and such-like UN-corrupted Boroughs (the only SOUND Parts of our CONSTITUTION) will testify! And once more—The great cruelty of rejecting Gentlemen who spend so much Money, and make such large promises in order to get in, especially as they run such an hazard in these ticklish, frugal Times of getting A SOP IN THE PAN in the Kitchen at St. James's, when both those good Lords, HERT-

FORD

* M O T T O XXXIV. *Horace.*

“ *Dissectio Dumplingorum NORFOLCIENSIIUM, Fartorum, Pyorum, Jellyorum, & Custardorum,*” &c.

O R

“ *The Cabinet of NORFOLK Curiosities*
laid open.”

*In Cute Curandâ! — — hos utinam inter,
HEROAS natum tellus Me prima tulisset!*

To

N O T E S.

FORD and TALBOT are so well known to keep the *Kitchen* and *Cellar Keys* so close, as that HIS MAJESTY (Heavens bless Him!) can scarce get a *Str-loin* and a *Bottle* for his own Eating and Drinking.

“ Which are the best dampers to a keen appetite, *Norfolk Dumplings* or *Sussex Puddings*?” the Translator is much at a loss to determine so important a Question for the satisfaction of his Lordship and his two worthy *Courts*; for though he has the honour of being born at LYNN in that County, and having a *Vote* for that *HONEST, UN-corrupted Borough*, Yet he has been there but very little for these *THIRTY* Years past;— However—Thus far he can very honestly assure them, “ That as to the various kinds of *Norfolk*

118 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

To the LORD MAYOR, ALDERMEN, and
COMMON-COUNCIL of the City of
LONDON.

These Bon VIVANTS in *Puddings, Pyes, and
Jellies,*
Shew plainly how They love to *Stroke their
Bellies.*

Oh ! that my Stars had giv'n *Me* birth,
Among such HEROES ! Sons of EARTH !

MOTTO

N O T E.

folk *Dumplings*, and a certain Pudding call'd
" *A Toad in an Hole,*" *Pyes, Jellies, Custards,*
&c. Messrs. HORTON and BIRCH, (the CITY
Cooks,) may at any Time, as it be well worth
their while, see the *original* Receipts for making
them in the *Archives* of that ancient and honour-
able CORPORATION ; these *valuable* Receipts
(if *Tradition* don't lye) were given them by their
Great Benefactor KING JOHN, who had them
from KING ARTHUR's *Knights of the Round-
Table*, together with their *Cup and Regalia*, and
are kept accordingly with all due care and
reverence in the *Town-Hall* of that Borough. It
may not be amiss perhaps here, to inform SIR
JAMES, who is well skill'd in, and pleased with
Antique NANNY-GOATS, (in case he should be
ordered by *The Lord Mayor and Court* to write
down to *Lynn* for Copies of them) " That they
are

MOTTO XXXV. *The same.*

• *Spem PRÆTIO eme.*

O R

“ *Wish in one hand, and • • • • in the other* ”

Sorte tuâ contentus abi!

Quantâ de spe decidi! — An old Scholiast.

IVXXX OTTOM To

N O T E S.

are intended as an entire Supplement to a very celebrated Treatise “ on the Origin of Dump-
lings in the earlier Ages of the World,” by the
late learned and ingenious DR. ARBUTHNOT,
Physician to *Queen Anne*.

* To shew how firm the dependence is upon
Great Men’s Promises, our *Leves* Hunters can
best tell, after spending a few *Thousands*, and
dancing twenty or thirty Years attendance at
Court on Men in Power, who have the true art
of grinning, nodding, and whispering, to keep up
the hopes and spirits of their Dependents. To a
Man of Humour and Speculation, it must be no
small fun and diversion to be at a Great Man’s
Levee, and peep through the Key-hole into the
next Room, and observe him while he is wash-
ing, dressing, picking his teeth, shaking his
head, and laughing with two or three of his
Toad-Eaters.

To GOVERNOR ROBERTS, SIR JOHN TURNER and all LEVER-Hunters in CHURCH and STATE.

Go then content, and mind your calling !
 You see from what great hopes I'm fall'n,
 Tho' for THE MINISTRY I've been bawling !

* MOTTO XXXVI. Ovid.

" Omnia PARA TA."

O R

" You may draw the CURTAIN up, My Lord ! as soon as You Please."

— — — MEDIO tutissimus ibis !

N O T E.

* This Farce was acted with very great applause by his Lordship in 1761, who was allowed even by His Majesty himself, to be an excellent Hand at it, especially when he spoke the Epilogue, which The King, with his usual Good Nature, accepted very graciously, smiling !—
 " That He would take care to have every thing in better order THE NEXT Coronation !"
 Well done SIR FRANCIS !—This is often performed at Installations, Courts, the Theatres, Universities, and many other Public Places, for the sole use and benefit of SIR FRANCIS WRONG-HEAD and his most numerous Family, all over the Kingdom.

To LORD EFFINGHAM HOWARD, Deputy
Earl Marshal at the late Coronation.

Had wise SIR FRANCIS kept in sight,
This honest, ancient + Song:
His Head must always have been right,
And never in the wrong!

MOTTO XXXVII. *Horace.*

"MIRACULA in Pericranio!"

O · R

"An Estate got in a crack by PLAY-
"WRITING!"

— — — "O te, BOLLANE, cerebrum
"Foelicem!" aiebam tacitus."

M

To

N O T E.

+ As in the Latin MOTTO, which to the Eng-
lish Reader means thus, "That You will act
most safely by observing a due MEDIUM."

To Mr. KENRICK, and all such ingenious
PLAY and FARCE-Writers, as are able to
get Six Benefits in a Season for the same Play,
instead of three only.

“ O happy BOLLY ! Ah ! ” said I
Snug to Myself, “ You’ll never die
“ For want of Swords, Cloaths, Gold enough !
“ And Box of the best Strasburgh Snuff ! ”

* M O T T O XXXVIII. Ovid.

“ O TEMPORA ! O MORES ! ”

O R

“ We are All going as *fast* as possible ! ”

In Nova fert animus *mutatas* dicere formas
CORPORA ! —

To

N O T E.

* This farcical, pantomimical, operatical
PUPPET-SHOW, Gentle Reader, is exhibited
every night, not only with *universal* applause,
but

To the Four Houses of PARLIAMENT and
CONVOCATION.

Into NEW BODIES (for the best !)
We are going to *change* from South to West!

M 2

MOTTO

N O T E.

But *self*-approbation too, by the principal Performers in the Church, Army, Navy, and the Law, under the sole direction (as said or supposed) of LORD B——, grand Ballett and Wire-Master behind the Curtain to all the State-PUPPETS. The shifting of the Scene (at the end of it) from England to America is admirable, and plainly shews, that We are one of the old *fluctuating* or *floating* Islands, discovered long ago, by that great and skillful Navigator, *Christopher Columbus*, and therefore We *must*, at last, fix somewhere ; so that this MOTTO is highly necessary to be considered by all our great Land and Stock-Holders, to be wise in time, and so prevent their Lands and Monies slipping from their Hands and Feet, by being ready with their *Bags* in their hands and on their shoulders, to stand firm *each* on his Land, that, during their Passage, They may not be in confusion, but know them again in America.

• M O T T O XXXIX. *Horace.*

“ JEJUNUS *Stomachus,*”

O R

“ JOAN'S as good as MY LADY in the
dark.”

Num,

N O T.

• This *old Proverb*, at the head of our **MOTTO**,
is pretty well verified in *several Families* at the
CITY as well as COURT-end of the *Town*: and
is supposed by the learned to have arisen from
the great convenience and advantages of **HAND-
MAIDS**, after the manner of the *Old Patriarchs*.
It may therefore be of great use and benefit to
be considered by all the pretty *Cook-Maids* and
Scullions in the three Kingdoms, how to make
their Fortunes by insisting on *proper Terms*, be-
fore the *Play* begins.

Num, tibi cum fauces urit sitis, aurea
 quæris
 Pocula? num esuriens, fastidis omnia,
 præter
 Pavonem Rhombumque? tument tibi cum
 inguina, num si
 Ancilla aut Verna est præsto, tentigine-
 rumpi
 Malis? non ego! —

To the Honourable Sir T — W —
near Berkley-Square, who, (though nice in
his Amours) was overheard, not long ago,
taking a few small liberties with Mrs. Susan
the pretty Cook-Maid, while his Lady was
gone to the Opera.

Would You, when thirst has parch'd your
 Chaps,
 Not drink, because You can't, perhaps,
 Get golden Cups? or, when to meat
 Nature impells You, would you eat
 Nothing but Fowl or Turbot? thus, Sir,
 When you are amorous, would you burst,
 Sir,
 Rather than kiss the Cook or Scullion?
 Not I! faith! —

• MOTTO XL. *The same.*

“*Surgere diluculo saluberrimum est,*”

O R

“*The great advantages of rising early.*”

*Satis superque Me benignitas tua
Ditavit! —*

*To LADY CHARLOTTE FINCH, who was
discovered one Morning last Summer, rather
early, by a certain good Lady, in a Posture
too familiar with a Right Reverend.*

Indeed, MY LORD! your sweet *caressing*
May well be call'd, “*A BISHOP's Blessing!*”

MOTTO

N O T E.

• This very uncommon and extraordinary
Affair for so worthy and virtuous a Woman as
her Ladyship, may well excite the Readers sur-
prise, as it did every where else, at *Kew*, in

Torin,

• MOTTO XLI. *The same.*

“*Pontifex MAXIMUS.*”

O R

“*Marriage at Midnight.*”

AURUM per medios ire Satellites
Perrumpere amat !

To

N O T E S.

Town, and all about. It seems, a certain honest, plain ENGLISH GENTLEMAN in that Neighbourhood being informed of it, with his usual Good-Nature, gave her the following reprimand,

O syc, Lady Charlotte! You I ne'er could have thought

Would admit a grave BISHOP to your embraces!

to which she, with her usual smartness, instantly replied,

Indeed, SIR! Lord Hertford's entirely in fault,
For We can't get our Wages to buy even Laces!

• As the *Marriage AB*, by it's late Alteration, has very wisely thrown so many bars in the

TO THE ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY.

If You've but GOLD, You may be wed
In Church, or *House*, or ev'n in BED!

* MOTTO XLII. *The same.*

"HYMENÆUS *exultans*,"

O R.

"A Trip to SCOTLAND."

Inclusam

N O T E S.

the way to *Matrimony*, the Pontifical Power of his Grace and his *Prædecessors*, is very kind in dispensing with the *Canons* of the Church to the NOBILITY and GENTRY, who love to do things of this sort in a way called SNUG.

* The *afteraid famous Act*, for it's wisdom and *Prudence*, was drawn up some Years ago by this Noble Lord, for the use of his own Family in particular, the Kingdom in general, and the honour and benefit of THE CLERGY; attended with

Inclusam Danaën turris aënea,
Robustæque fores, & vigilum Canum
Tristes excubiæ, munierant satis
Nocturnis ab Adulteris :

Si non *Acrisum*, **JUPITER**—
Risisset!—

N O T E.

with such happy effects, " That since it took place, which is about twenty Years ago, the Weekly Bills of Mortality, in the Instances of Cuckoldom and Fornication, have been most amazingly encreased, for the better peopling the Nation, in case of all future Wars with the French or Spaniards; it also gives very useful hints to all Young Ladies from Fifteen to Sixty-Three of Spirit and Fortune (be it ever so large) of the safety of getting the Banns of Them and their Lovers published in distant Parishes in Town, or down in the Country in the same Diocese, only by taking a Lodging for a Month, and leaving a Sm—k or a Pair of Breaches, without lying there one single night; and Old Square-toes never the wiser.

120: EPIGRAMS and MOTTO

To the Memory of the late LORD CHAN-
CELLOR H_____

Poor Danaë's Dogs, and brazen Tower,
Strong barricado'd for such *Misses* :—
Would safe have kept so sweet a Flower,
From all young spritely Fellows kisses,
If running PHILIP had not smil'd
To see Old Square-toes trebly guarded :
Not thinking he had HYMEN foil'd,
When once he'd got "THE ACT" awarded.

* MOTTO XLIII. *The same.*

"EQUITATOR ingeniosissimus."

"I'll ride with You for your ears."

N O T E.

* The Translator being to his great surprize ho-
moured with the following Anecdote from the Court-
end of the Town, with pleasure communicates it to

his

Est mihi purgatam crebrò qui personet au-
rem,
" Solve — — — equum, ne
" Peccet ad extremum ridendus, & ilia
ducat."

N O T E.

his Readers. It was written, indeed, in such a co-
mical sort of an hand, he had much ado to make it
out: however, as well as he could, it is as follows.
" That there is now in possession of *Lords Bo-*
lingbroke, March, Orford, Captain O'Kelly, and
two or three more ingenious Gentlemen at the
Fury, a most *learned* and *in-valuable* Treatise,
justly allowed by Those who have had the *happy*
opportunity of perusing it, to be by far superi-
our to the late *Duke of Newcastle's* *Horsemanship*,
or any other now extant; in which is very
plainly shewn, " That an Horse may be made
to go *very agreeably* with only *three* Legs, by
tying up the *fourth* and putting his *Head* and
Tail in a proper position, by *small Ropes* and
iron Straws, to keep a due *Equilibrium*. Great
Wagers, it seems, are depending by our *Noble*
Newmarket-Jockeys at the *next April Meeting*,
for the performance of this, at such a *distance*,
and in such a *time*: for the diversion of all *La-*
dies of Spirit, as well as *Gentlemen*, who are inge-
nious

To the Rev. Mr. SCOTT, and to all Taylors,
(especially the BRENTFORD TAYLOR)
 Sailors, Cambridge and Oxford Scholars.

I've *One* who's often at my ear,
 "If you'd ride well, I pray take care
 "How

N O T E.

nious at Wagers, "of *backing* Horses, either
 "being upon Them, or in a Carriage." To
 which is added, an *infallible Cure* for the *Farcy*,
 and *Yellow* and *Staggers* in Horses, for the be-
 nefit of all the *Farriers* and *Horse-Doctors* in
 England, with the *Recipe* at large, how to make
 it up and administer it *without* the Horn: the
 principal Ingredients of which is *LEAD*. This
 Work is adorned with *four* most curious En-
 gravings by that ingenious and celebrated Mas-
 ter, Mr. GREEN of *Christ's Hospital*. First, of
 the Horse going *backwards* on his *three* Legs
 with his *Tail erect*. Secondly, then *forwards*,
 with his *Head prone*, making an exact Angle of
 Forty-five degrees with his *Tail*. The whole
 upon mathematical Principles. Thirdly, of an
 Horse discovered very *happily* by their *Lordships*
 in a certain *Reverend Doctors* Stable near New-
 market, with his *Head* where his *Tail* should
 be;—and—Fourthly, of another Horse, with
 his

"How you get up! for if you hold
"The reins too tight, I'll be so bold
"To tell you, that you down will tumble,
"People will laugh—he'll groan—you'll
grumble!"

• MOTTO XLIV. *The same.*

"VENUS in lachrymis,"

O R

"The Affixes on a CIRCUIT."

N

Non

N O T E.

his Tail where his Head should be; by which two most curious and uncommon sights, the very ingenious Doctor, and his cunning Man Sidropbel, got as much money as enabled the Master to set up his Carriage, and the Man to ride behind upon a more curious Horse still, that had five Legs, and the mark of the Beast in the Revelations of St. John, Number Six Hundred and Sixty-six on his Forehead.

• As there is so close a connection between THE LAW and THE GOSPEL, and the utmost harmony and friendship always subsisting between the GOWN and LONG ROBE, The Translator would think himself unpardonable, was he to omit his care and concern for the learned
Serjeants

134 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

Non ego—namque *parabilem* amo Venerem
facilemque

Nec vereor, nummi pereant ne, aut denique
fama :

Deprændi miserum est ! FABIO vel *judice*
vincam.

TO SERJEANT D——, *Lincoln's Inn, an*
old Practitioner.

I'm for no Prudes so prim and queasy :
Give Me a Girl that's *free and easy*,

Quoth

N O T E.

Serjeants or *Counsellors* that go the *Circuits*, as to
their MORALS. The frequent Complaints,
therefore, which We have every Year by our
Country Chloes and *Sylvias* in their pursuits, and
Enquiries after A FATHER, urge him very
strongly to propose the following Consideration
to their *Lordships*, the CHANCELLOR and
JUDGES, for the better prevention of Abuses
that may be put upon all Wives, Maids, or
Widows in the Country, on a *Circuit*. “ That
“ no *Serjeant* or *Counsellor* shall be suffered to go,
“ that is under FIFTY, unless he will agree to
“ defray out of his *Briefs*, the charges of a
“ *Chaplain's* attendance to give him *Spiritual*
“ Admonition and *ghostly* Counsel against hav-
“ ing two FLESH Suppers the same Night.

Quoth Serjeant D——, nor do I fear
My fame or money here or there;
For 'tis ye d—I to be catch'd!
When once by Husband You are watch'd:
Besides a thousand other ills
As Witness late Chief Justice W——.

MOTTO XLV. *The same.*

"Crepundia & Crustula in Senectute,"

O R

"Rattles and Sugar-Plumbs for little Masters in their grand Climacteric."

To the late WILLIAM PITT, Esq. and all
these COURT-Patriots, who, with their
modest, Virgin-blushes, like WILL, are
backward in asking, and yet would not wil-
lingly injure Themselves and Families, by
standing in their own light.

* This Commoner had worth and parts,
But sully'd all with selfish arts!

N 2

The

N O T E.

* This Copy of Verses is altered from Dryden,
with additions: and though the Translator is too
obscure to be of the least concern to any one of
what Party or Principles he is as to Politics or
any thing else: Yet if he is thought by any of

136 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOs,

The first thing try'd at was a *Pension*,
 As *this* engross'd his sole attention :
 His Head then ach'd for *Coronet*,
 And then a glitt'ring *Seal* well set ;
 " Which of these *three* now, could'st get
 at'um,
 " Wouldst have ?" says *Bute* to *Billy Chat-*
ham.
 " Why All, You Fool !" cries growling
Will,
 " And were there *more* things, *something*
still !"
 Good Parts and some *Estate*, kind *Heav'n* !
 To this well-lotted *Peer* was giv'n :
 Then *Horses*, *Houses*, *Pictures*, *Painting*,
 And *twenty* more things else were wanting ;
 What then ? why then, He *must* bear sway,
 And all is *wrong*, till *He's IN PLAY* !

Blest

N O T E.

his Readers, to bear rather hard upon a Man
 who is (and has been too long, by the *folly* and
iniquity of the Times !) *politically* dead, he ap-
 plys these lines to him only in the light of *human*
Frailty, and therefore pities him ; — otherwise,
 he looks upon him, as one of the greatest Statef-
 men (if not the *only* one who *best* understood the
domestic and *foreign* Concerns and Connections
 of this Kingdom) from *Burleigh* and *Walsingham*
 down to the *present* *Premier*, that *England* ever had !

Blest Statesman ! who could thus employ
His time to *wish*, but *not* enjoy !

— — — — optimus ille est

Qui *minimis* urgetur.

You're right, Friend *Horace* ! he's best off
Who can from *Tryals* stand aloof !

• M O T T O XLVI.

“ CONVOCATIO *Magorum* utriusque domûs,”

O R

“ The Rights, Privileges, and Advantages
of The Church of England ” *asserted and*
kept up.”

ECCLESIA in Periculo ! — Dr. *Sacheverel.*

N 3

N O T E.

This *Farce*, Gentle Reader, is acted by His
Majesty's COMPANY, about the time of a meet-
ing of a Parliament, with great applause at the
Theatre-Royal near Westminster-Abbey, for the
benefit of THE CHURCH. The *Prologue* and
Epilogue by two PROLOCUTORS who never ap-
pear on any other STAGE. As soon as the *Cur-*
tain draws up, before the *Prologue* begins, is ex-
hibited :

To a very worthy B E N C H.

“ That THE CHURCH is in *danger*, and left
in the lurch,
Was *once* the old Cant, as We find upon
search :
But most happily *now*, are the Tables quite
turn'd,
Since from *that* Reign to *this* it is thus far
ADJOURN'D.

To

N O T E.

hibited a most laughable *Scene* of the whole
Company grinning, bowing, shaking hands,
nodding, whispering, and making grimaces at
each other, with kind enquiries after each other's
Wives and Families, *Residence* upon *Dioceses* and
*Living*s, with such-like curious Questions : which
only by way of *Rehearsal* for their better going
through the *Farce* is universally allowed to be
highly entertaining, and by much the *best* part
of it.—N. B. The *same* *Scene* is exhibited again,
after The *Epilogue*.

Motto XLVII. Horace. —

“Bos in lingua,”

“Balaam’s Ass’s mouth stopt on seeing an
Angel.”

— — — male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus Index!
To all UN-packt Juries, and UN-bribed
Judges.
A Judge but ill finds out the Truth,
When once Corruption’s in the Mouth!

Motto XLVIII. The same.

“Opus operatum,”
O R.
“Much Business done in a little Time.”

— nam
N O T E.

• The Translator would be inexcusably want-
ing to his Brethren both in Town and Country,
was he to omit pointing out Ways and Means
how

— — — nam quis *Me* scribere plures
Aut citius possit? — quis membra movere?
— invidet quod & *Hermogenes* ego canto!
Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit, fecitque puer, sudavit & alsit!

N O T E.

how to become a *Bishop*, especially *Those*, who are so far qualified for a *Mitre*, as to have the happiness of a *dreaming, dawdling* Tone and Manner, at the same time have three or four Churches to serve the *same* Morning or Afternoon; but most of all would he be so to those honest *Country Curates*, who, upon *forty* Pounds per Annum, can *ride, pray, and preach* four times on a Sunday and *make nothing on't*, though the Churches are between three and four miles distance from each other! — Amazing, Gentle Reader, to consider the *noble spirit* and *generosity* of those fat *Pluralists* and *Dignataries* of The Church, who, from their so many *Hundreds* per Annum, can afford to *squeeze* out *thirty* or *forty* (if *triple* or *quadruple* Duty) to their *Curates*. This puts the *Translator* in mind of a lively picturesque Representation which he has very lately had the pleasure and honour to see, done by a celebrated Engraver, of a certain *Dean* and *Chapter*, sitting in the *Chapter-Room*, with books before

Good Advice (*gratis*) To all honest Country
CURATES.

With *Pen* or *Mouth*, who can discourse
Faster than I? or ride their *Horse*
With greater speed from Church to Church,
And many good Souls leave in the lurch?
For *Gaming*, *Drinking*, *Sporting* clean,
I'm said to raise the *Squire's* spleen!

H

N O T E.

before them, supposed to be explaining some
crabbed *Divinity-Points* in the *Greek* and *Latin*
Fathers, while one of them (much *duller* than
the rest) is gathering together his *Dividend*,
and says, with a leering Grin, to his *reverend*
and *learned* Brethren, "O! my Conscience,
"Brothers! I do think, that the *Church* of *Eng-*
land is the *very best* constituted (at the same time
sweeping the *Money* off the *Table* into his *Broad*
Beaver) *Church* this day upon the face of the
Earth!" — N. B. The above paraphrasical Imita-
tion of this Motto is allowed by the *Revd.*
DEAN P — — — — — *DOCTOR W* — — — — — *Pre-*
bendary of *Westminster*, *Mr. CHANCELLOR*
P — — — — —, and *Mr. ARCHDEACON H* — — — — —
to be the best Receipt which They ever met
withall, in order to make A BISHOP.

442 **ENIGRAMS and MOTTOS**

He then that fain would reach the prize
 A MITRE! must with half-shut eyes,
 Hear, see, and say nought, but look wise;
 Must love *Quadrille, Whist, and Fatigues,*
 Talk *Politics, and Court-Intrigues:*
 Ride hard, and swear through thick and thin,
 To gain what Votes by *Canvassing;*
 By these He soon will reach the Station,
 And disregard all Defamation!

• **MOTTO XLIX.—The same.**

“**EPISCOPALIS Visitatio.**”

“Good Entertainment for the *Inferior*
CLERGY, (Town and Country) both *Man*
 and *Horse.*”

RÖMULUS

MOTTO.

• This very merry, humorous, and entertain-
 ing **COMEDY**, Gentle Reader, (at which the
Translator has had the honor and pleasure of being
 present) is acted by His Majesty's (or, more pro-
 perly speaking, *The Premier's*) **COMPANY**, at
 their respective *Theatres*, once in three Years
 generally, (but always the first Year when a
Principal Performer makes his **FIRST** entrance
 upon **THE STAGE**) though it is much oftener
 deferred.

ROMULUS & LIBER Pater, & cum CASTORE
POLLO,

Post ingentia facta, Deorum in Tempia recepti,
Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis!

Y
N. O. T. E.

deferred to once in Seven, especially if the Scene
lies down in WALES, or in such distant Coun-
ties, on account of the very great difficulty in
getting up the Scenery, Clothes, Decoration
and Machinery; for the use and instruction of all
Rectors, Vicars, and Curates; and for the sole
benefit of all Bishops Officers in every Diocese;
to which is added a FARCE called,

“Aurum aut Argentum potabile,”

O. R.

“The amazing effects of Gold or Silver dis-
solved and given as a Julep.”

Between the Comedy and Farce, is an original
Dance, being a most picturesque and lively re-
presentation of the pompous and magnificent
Entry (far exceeding Alexander's triumphal one
into Babylon) of the Bishop and his Myrmidons
into any City or capital Town of the Diocese,
with the ambling, curvetting, and kicking up
of the horses of the Ecclesiastical troops, after the
manner

To all RECTORS, VICARS, CURATES, and
Bishops OFFICERS (at their Visitations)
whom it may concern.

C—, K—, G—, M—, K—,
And many more, whose names I mean:
After their glorious Feats were rais'd
To th' Upper House by Those They'd
prais'd:

Wept that so long such Men of Spirit
Had lain neglected for their Merit!

MOTTO

N O T E.

manner of that arch rogue Garrick's new raised
ones in the Rehearsal;—and at the end of the
Farce is another humorous Representation of
The Bishops, Clergy, and Church-Wardens at
Dinner at separate Tables. The Prologue and
Epilogue by two of his Lordship's Officers; with
their friendly caution to the Gentlemen and
Church-Wardens to make the best of their way
home after Dinner, to Prevent the Knights of the
Post putting their Spirits and Pockets into con-
fusion.—N. B. As these are acted not so often
as is wished, by some who have a principal hand
in them too, they are observed not to meet
with that general applause which they deserve,
supposed to be owing to the deficiency of the Prin-
cipal Performer, for want only of more frequent
Rehearsals.

• M O T T O. L. *The same.*

“ ARCHIDIACONALIS *Visitatio.* ”

O R

“ You are very welcome, *Gentlemen !* ”

Luxisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti,

Tempus abire tibi est !

O

To

N O T E.

* A *Farce*, as it is acted *twice* a year, (at which also *The Translator* has been present) at *Easter* and *Michaelmas*, upon the original Plan and Design of the foregoing *Comedy*, under the chief direction of the *Apparitors* to the *Archdeacons*, for the *use* and *instruction* of the aforesaid Reverend Gentlemen in *Town* and *Country*, and for the *sole* benefit of the *Archdeacon's Officers* : by one of whom (the *Apparitor*) the *Prologue* is spoken, and the *Epilogue* by another of them. Between the *Acts* is a most entertaining *interlude* representing the great benefits and advantages arising chiefly to *The Country Clergy* from these Half-yearly *Visitations* of *seeing* each other *twice* a Year at a good Dinner at *very little* or *no* expence, *grinning*, *shaking hands*, and *exchanging* Sermons with each other, for the benefit of their
own

To all Arch-Deacons APPARITORS, &c.

Believe Me, Sir! You've paid enough,
For *Meat, Drink, LICENCE, and such Stuff!*
'Tis therefore time for You to go,
And thus ends our *amazing SHEW!*

* MOTTO LI. *The same.*

"Parturiunt MONTES,"

O R

"LUMPING PENNYWORTHS for your
Money!"

Ut
NOTES. all
own Heads and their Congregations;—at the
end of the *Farce* is a droll Representation of the
Clergy's paying their respects to Mr. Archdeacon
who is so very kind and condescending as to take
them by that hand which had the *Argentum-
Vivum*, or *Quick-silver*, which, had it been kept
too long in their pockets, would have burned
them; and then mounting their white, black,
sorrel, and pye-balled *Palfreys* to trot home to
their Wives and Families (with their Church-
Wardens) with *light* Hearts and Breeches.

* Another FARCE, Gentle Reader, as it is
daily acted with universal applause in and about
the Cities of LONDON and WESTMINSTER;
with

Ut Praeco, ad merces Turbam qui cogit
emendas,

— clamabit "Pulchrè! Benè! Reutè!"

Ut qui CONDUCTI plorant in funere, dicunt
Et faciunt propè plura dolentibus ex animo,
sic

DERISOR vero, plus Laudatore movetur!

To all Moorfields, Rag-Fair, and Hockley-
o'the-hole BROKERS, and all those MEN
OF BUSINESS who have Lots of Goods hang-
ing on their hands!

As NAB, who stands at Middle-Row,
To take in Countryman and Beau:

O 2

"Gemmen,"

N O T E.

with a variety of new Carpet-scenes, Dresses,
and Decorations! drawing such crowded Houses,
as to enable the MANAGERS to burn only
WAX-Candles in finely-cut Chandeliers, and to
occasion the Men standing at the Doors to go to
Fifty-Cuffs with the Multitude pressing to get in,
with broken Legs and Arms, and blue Eyes!
between the first and second Act is a most bur-
lesque and droll Representation of the Cotillion-
Dance, consisting of eight Moorfields Brokers,
two from Rag-fair, and two from Hockley-a'the-
Hole, which are allowed to be by much the best
part of the Company.

148 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS,

"Gemmen!" he'll croak, "Here's cheap
within!"

"Selling By Auction! pray walk in!"

Or, THOSE at Fun'rals hir'd to cry
Are sure to do it most lustily:

So the smart CIT who sees Them fix

On *Bumkin Hob* to play their tricks,

Is tickled more than *Hob* who tries

To pass with Them for wondrous wise!

MOTTO LI.—*The same.*

"HOYLEUS dissectus,"

O R

"The Game of *Quadrille* play'd com-
pletely."

— — at *Pueri ludentes*, "REX ERIS!"

aiunt,

Si restè facies!

To

To LORD B——, who was often observ'd,
 some few Years ago, by the Groom Porter
 at St. James's, to play a Sans-Prendre VOLE
 with only Spadille or Manille, five or six
 little Trumps, and "A KING in his own
 hands!" but since that time, the Tables
 have been happily turn'd.

Like Boys at Play, crying, Master Johnny!
 "YOU SHALL BE KING!" as You're so
 bonny
 A Gamester at at a Vole sans Pendre,
 'Gainst Devil, Pope, and THE PRETENDER!

* MOTTO LIII. *The same.*

"Rus in UR BE."

O R
 "LONDON going to be carry'd down into
 the Country."

O 3 Jam

N O T E.

* This most humorous COMEDY, Gentle
 Reader, is daily acted at the various Theatres in
 the Suburbs (particularly of LONDON and WEST-
 MINSTER, with very great advantage to the
 MANAGERS! with new Scenes, Dresses, Deco-
 rations,

Jam pauca aratro jugera —

Moles relinquent —

— — non ita Romuli

Præscriptum & — — Catonis

Auspiciis, Veterumque normâ.

Privatus illis Censur erat brevis,

Commune MAGNUM !

To

NOTE.

rations, and Machinery ;—Between the *third* and *fourth* ACT is a most curious *Interlude* (to the no small laughter and diversion of the Spectators) of “ *Beams, Rafters, and Stack of Chimneys*, cracking and very often falling, and sometimes *whole Houses* soon *after* they are finished, and sometimes *before*.” The *Brick-carts* flying on fire before the *Bricks* can be delivered,”—“ the quarrelling and scuffling between the *Brick-makers, Builders, and Workmen* ! and before the end of the *last* ACT, the Company is no less astonished than entertained at the admirable shifting of the Scene to the *King’s-Bench, Marshalsea* and *Fleet-Prisons, Wood-street, and Poultry-Compters*, and other *snug* Places for the reception of *Those*, who are more ingenious at contriving to *get in*, than expert how to *get out* ; To which is added a very neat and curious *Plan* of an *House* that shall stand for just as many *Years* (not exceeding *Seven*) as the *Tenant* wants, and shall then

tumble

To all MASTER BUILDERS in and about
the City, especially at St. Mary-le-Bone,
who are not willing to taste the Air of St.
George's Fields.

Few Acres are left for the Plough,
Buildings run up most strangely now !
Not so in Charles the Second's days
Nor William's, to their lasting praise :
Under whose auspices such flaws
Were stopt by good and wholesome laws ;
Since 'tis but Few that have the Stuff :
Indeed THE TREAS'RY's full enough !

MOTTO

N O T E.

tumble down in such a manner as to give him
just cause for Complaint, so as to evade paying
his Rent, or time to run off without paying it at
all. With two or three Sketches at the bottom
of the Plan on the art of Building being brought
now-a-days to such a very nice and exact calcu-
lation, " That an House shall tumble down even
before it is quite finished ;" to the benefit of the
Builders and Those that hired Them, in saving
Them the trouble of bringing their Goods too
soon into them !

* Motto LIV. *The same.*

"COTHURNUS in ROSTRO."

O R

"SHAKESPEARE, and his Brother BUS-
KINS got into THE PULPIT."

N O T E

* Our Sermons, or Discourses, from the Pulpit,
Gentle Reader! formerly used to be Orthodox,
grave, manly, nervous, and sensible! in them,
strength of Reason was confirmed by Scripture!
But now, how many of that venerable Body of
Men, the Clergy, are turned Fine Gentlemen, and
so called Pretty Preachers, our Congregations can
best tell! It may be thought, by some, a Paradox
to say so, but We have in this Kingdom too much
Preaching! People make a much greater point
of going to hear the Sermon, than attending to the
Prayers, which is, undoubtedly, by far the best
and most useful part of Divine Service! If our
Afternoon Sermons were dropt, and Lectures on
the Catechism, (about the length of a Sermon)
adopted in their Room for the benefit of the
rising Generation, it would be a very great Step
towards

To DOCTOR BUSKIN, *sole Manager, and Principal Performer in the Pulpit, at the Theatre in the Old Jewry, on Sunday Evenings for the Winter-Season, at Six o'Clock.*

Si

N O T E.

towards curing all our Evils in this Nation: and till that, or something like it, takes place, it signifies little or nothing! for what can be expected of any People, who (in general) have *not* little, or *no*, sense of Religion! It is for want of a *right* and *due* sense of this, that We (especially the *Bulk* of the Nation, and perhaps too many of the *upper* part of it) are thus blown about with every Wind of Doctrine. The *Papists* and *Methodists*, the last particularly, perceive this, and consequently make a plentiful market of them! Our *Doctor* now before us, steers a *middle* course (the "*medio tutissimus*," for his *Pocket*) between the *two* Extremes, of the dry, quaint Phrases of *Morality* of our "*Pretty Preachers*" on the one hand, and the absurd, bombast *nonsense* (not to say *Blasphemy*) of the *Methodists* on the other! and being a "*Pro sa* for of O ra
" to ry" (Mercy on Us! a *Scotchman* Professor of *English Oratory*) brings with him into the Pulpit

254 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

Si possis recte—si non quocunque modo REM!—

My Son, get MONEY! *fairly, if you can:*
If not, get MONEY—like a GENTLEMAN:
For *this*, let SHAKESPEARE from the
PULPIT be your Plan!

MOTTO:

NOTES:

Pulpit, *Shakespeare* and his *buskin'd* Brethren, to
tickle the fancies of the Young Women, and
astonish the honest, well meaning Citizens and
their Wives!—No doubt he finds his Account in
it! and therefore is very much in the right of it!
for, like other *Spiritual Quacks*, “*Si Populus*
“*vult decipi,*” i. e. Gentle Reader, “*If People*
“*on Sunday Nights won't read Shakespeare, &c.*
“*at home, but will run to a Conventicle to hear*
“*them mouthed and rant'd, by all means let*
“*them pay for it.*”

† As METHODISM is too large a subject for the
Translator, at present, to consider: so, he only
begs the *Reader's* patience in making one Re-
mark upon it in general.—That the *Word itself*
comes originally from the *Greek*, and is used ac-
cordingly, by *St. Paul*, (*Ephes. 4. 14. and 6 11,*
if his learned Readers will please to look) in a
sense which he begs to be excused mentioning,
as

Motto. IV. The same.

THEATRUM ECCLESIASTICUM.

O R,

“† CHAPEL-Building the very best Trade
now going with the Clergy.”

— — — opéra vehemente MINISTER !

NOTES.

as it is far from redounding to the credit of the
METHODISTS Themselves, or *Those* who may
patronize or support that SECT. He is there-
fore fully satisfied himself, (and hopes that his
Readers are so too) with an explanation of it;
which he most luckily met with the other day, in
a little Book written by a German Divine, one
JOHANNES GO-CLENIUS (who married a Sister
of the famous YAN-PTSCHIRN-SOOKER an emi-
nent Physician mentioned by the humorous *Dean*
Swift.) His explanation of it, in our Transla-
tion,

To Messrs. HARLEY, FORRESTER, DODD,
and all Those of the Gown, who are apt to
talk much of the Gentility of their PRO-
FESSION, at the same time not considering the
badness of its TRADE.

The DOCTOR *thus*, by taking pains,
Will soon see clear his yearly gains!

MOTTO

N O T E S.

tion, runs thus, "METHODISM, (says that most
" learned and honest Writer) is a *secret art* or
" *knack*, which *Knaves* have, in a way peculiar
" to Themselves, of gulling *Fools* out of their
" Money;" and this, the Translator of that
lively Author, grounds upon the following Ob-
servation, " That, as in a *Political* sense, the
" *honest, open, unsuspecting* ENGLISH, are never
" better pleased, than when you are telling
" them, That the *Nation* is IN DANGER, its
" *Credit* BREAKING, and upon the *brink* of
" RUIN: so, in a *Spiritual* one, They'll hug and
" cling close about you (as they once did by
" Dr. BURGESS's *Cloke*) the more you alarm
" them with the Words H—L and D—M—N,
" FIRE and B—STONE!

† The *Translator* thinks himself peculiarly hap-
py (as he hopes he has fully proved himself so in
the

† **MOTTO LVI.** *The same.*

"MUTATIS MUTANDIS."

O R,

**"The Changes of THE MINISTRY all for
the better !"**

**Quod petiit, spernit—repetit quod nuper
omisit.**

Æstuat, & vitæ disconvenit ordine toto :

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis !

P

To

NOT E.

the course of this little Work) when he is able
at any time to communicate any little **NANKE-
GOAT** for the improvement of his Reverend and
Learned Brethren's Pockets as well as their Un-
derstandings ; and therefore don't doubt his be-
ing honoured with a place in their *Estem* and
good Opinion, from His Grace of **LAMBETH** down
to the honest **COUNTRY CURATE**. As he was
walking

TO LORD BARRINGTON, CHATHAM, or any
 one else, either IN or OUT, whom the Reader
 thinks it may best suit: not forgetting All
 Those who have entirely the Good of their
 Country at heart, by taking care in time of
 Themselves and their Families.

What he once sought, is now with scorn re-
 jected,
 And doubly favours Those he once neg-
 lected;

NOTE.

walking in the Park a little while ago, a face-
 tious Friend of his met him, and gave him a
 rough sketch, drawn as he said by a journeyman
 Carpenter, and taken down by him in Short-
 Hand, consisting of a Dialogue between the
 Clergyman and his Master, as he overheard while
 he attended Them; shewing the exact method
 how our Popular (or as the Ladies, who are by
 far the best Judges, call Them PRETTY) Preach-
 ers are to enter into Partnership with an over-
 grown wealthy Master-Buildler; by the one en-
 gaging to build a CHAPEL of such a size, and
 the other engaging to fill it—what Subscriptions
 to be raised, and seats hired, as at other Polite
 Places

He *storms*, and does with *Oddities* abound,
Pulls down, builds up, and changes square to
round!

P 2

MOTTO

N O T E S.

Places of Entertainment—making the *Stalls* (or
Iles) as small as possible, that no room may be
lost, for the *benefit* of the *Poor*, who are expressly
ordered in *Scripture*, “to have the *Gospel*
preached unto Them!” But as They, (poor
Souls!) can’t afford to take *TICKETS*, They are
therefore, by this *NEW* and *EXCELLENT* Me-
thod of *Evangelizing*, most *wisely* excluded!—
The whole Work, Gentle Reader, ends with
this short but admirable *Observation*: —

“ Thus the *Builder* becomes *Patron*, and makes
“ rare *Interest* of his *Money*: and the *Preacher*,
“ in these *Chapels*, gets fat by having no care
“ of *Souls* upon him, drinks his two *Bottles* a
“ day, and laughs at his *Bishop*.”

N. B. Annual *TICKETS* for *Pit*, *Boxes*, and
Galleries, from 10 *Shillings* to 10 *Guineas*.

† It is amazing, Gentle Reader, to think and
see what an *happy* and *advantageous* Train of
Consequences have arisen to this *once* poor, low,
and obscure *NATION*, to make it *conspicuous* in
the eyes of all *Europe*, from that well-known
Friend to *RELIGION* and *VIRTUE*, our late
great

160 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS,

MOTTO LVII. *The same.*

"Virtus NOBILITATA,"

O R

"Chastity in HIGH LIFE."

— — dedit hic pro CORPORE nummos:
Tutior at quanto merx est in Classe secunda!

N O T E.

great *State-ATLAS*, *Bob WHIRLPOOL*, whom the *Translator* has the honour to boast of as his immortal *Countryman*! This small *Star* (for at first it could scarce be discerned in the *POLITICAL Horizon*) began to emerge from its *Norfolk* Obscurity about the Year 1710, and was seen over *Old Palace-Yard*, *Westminster*, but from its *eccentricity* and some wild excursions from its *Orbit*, became a Great *Luminary* and was seen on *Tower-Hill*. To drop the *Metaphor*— From a private Gentleman of about 300l. a Year, with an *Head* well turn'd for *Politics*, and a good pair of *Lungs*, he got a *Seat* in the *House*:

Translated, imitated, &c. 161

To the pious memory of the late Lord
BALTIMORE.

Truly the BASHAW's was an hard case;
Pocket to screen—so sweet a Carcase!

P 3

How

N O T E.

House; but being young, and not minding his Arithmetic at School, made a small mistake of only Five Hundred Pounds in a certain Affair: for which his Friends HARLEY and BOLINGBROKE got Lodgings for him in THE TOWER, gave him Cocker's Arithmetic to study, be a good Boy, and mind his Book, or else He certainly would get into Newgate, and then would have his last dying Words and Confession, &c. exposed so as to bring him and his Family to Thame! This Machiavel in Politics, Gentle Reader, left behind him a most curious and elaborate Work on the whole System of State Affairs, shewing very plainly, in particular, "That though it is not only very proper, but also absolutely necessary to be changing Men often (when they prove restive and obstinate) for the BENEFIT of the Nation: yet as to MEASURES it is not so, but when it can't be helped;" To which he added some very curious Remarks on "the necessary Tools for Pre-

miere

How safer much and cheap is trading
In Vessels of inferior Lading. To the Pious
BALTIMORE.

MOTTO
Pious to preach—to want a Curate!
How

N O T E.

“*micro* to work withal;”—and “What the
“*grand, leading* Principle of a Premier is, and
“always should be, if he is desirous to keep
“his *Post*, have things go on quite smooth and
“easy, and prevent being runn’d with such
“*noisy, bawling, restless, discontented* Fellows as
“*Charles Fox, Burke, Dyson, Jenkinson, Wed-*
“*derburn, &c. &c.*” and that is, “That the
“CORRUPTION of one thing is the Generation of
“*Twenty!*”—How far Bob’s immediate Succes-
sors, HARRY SNAFFLE and TOM DUNDER-
HEAD followed his rules, has been most woe-
fully seen! and how well, or soon, CAPTAIN
BOREAS, our *present* PALINURUS, (or Pilot) will
be able to bring *The Britannia* safe into harbour
again, is in the Power of Time only to shew;
but it is much to be feared, unless the honest,
old, rough Tar, WILL HAYES, takes the *helm*
again, that she will either founder at Sea, or
split upon the Rocks of Scilly, the Goodwin Sands,
or Bishop and Clerks.

ROMAN MOTTO LVIII. *Journal.*

"Publica Rapina CORONATA"

O R
"A quick and easy way to get a TITLE."

Aude aliquid — — CARCERE dignum,
Si vis esse ALIQUIS!

NOTE.

What easy and laudable Methods We have now, Gentle Reader, of getting a Title! either "by the soft and engaging Arts of EXTORTION and OPPRESSION abroad in the East or West-Indies," or "at Home by raising or lowering the Stocks by the BULLS and BEARS according as You want to buy in or sell out,"—"disposing of Places for DOUBLE to keep poor Rogues from being troublesome! with many other new and refined Schemes in POLITICS unknown to former Ages! These are no bad hints to all those TRIMMERS who are known to be Good Hands, but unluckily out of Place by the Wrong-headedness of the Times; and that when they have once more got the Razor into their Hands not to forget to shave quite clean as they go.—For this purpose the Translator very cordially recommends the following most celebrated Speech, addressed

To LORD C—, V. P—, GOVERNOR
S—, LORD H—, or any other
worthy *Wight* of this *Jort*.

If You'd be a NABOB or a LORD,
Dare something worthy of THE CORD!

MOTTO

N O T E.

addressed by the most *artful*, popular ORATOR
(not much inferior to SQUIRE WILKES) to the
Greatest and most respectable PERSONAGE in the
World!—(See MILTON's *Paradise Regained*.)

“Which way, or from what hope dost thou
aspire

To Greatness? whence Authority deriv'd?

What Follow'rs, what Retinue canst gain?

Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude

Longer than Thou canst feed Them at thy Cost?

MONEY brings Honour, Friends! —

What rais'd Antipater and Herod? GOLD!

Therefore if at Great Things Thou wouldst
arrive,

Get Riches first, get Wealth, and Treasure heap:

Not difficult, if Thou wilt hearken unto Me:

Riches are MINE! Fortune is in MY hand!

Those whom I favour, thrive in WEALTH amine,

While Valour, Wisdom, Virtue, sit in WANT.”

• MOTTO LIX. *Horace.*

“ MEA DOMINA apud *fenestram,*

O Reader, *Romans* *will*
“ SEEING is Believing.”

Venimus ad *summum* Fortunæ! *Pingimus*
atque

Pfallimus, & *luctamur* *ACHIVIS* *doctius*
unctis!

• If our excellent *Post, Horace,* could say thus of the *Greeks* only in *his* time, as in the *MOTTO,* (which is above 1700 Years ago) how much stronger is the application *now* on *our* side both to *Greeks* and *Romans!* Mercy on Us! Gentle Reader,—what complete rules have We from our *Nobility* and *Gentry* on the *modern* way of “ denying themselves *At Home:*” as, “ *Going* directly to the *Window Yourself,*” to save the *Servants* telling a lye, as poor *Souls!* They have too many *Sins* of *their own* to answer for) “ dropping a *Curchee,* smiling, and telling your *Visitors* “ that You *arn't at home!*” So again, our *COURT-end* of the *Town Birds* of *Passage,* call'd *Flying Visitors,* will make You *twenty* or *thirty* *Visits* before *Dinner,* and go *fluttering* and *grinning*

To Lady HARRINGTON, and Hundreds of
the like Spirit and Fashion in "denying
Themselves at home, &c. &c."

We've almost (*happily*) filled up
Of Follies, Vices, Sins, our *Cup*;

We

No more

grinning about, only to shew the whiteness of
their Teeth, and speak a thousand things which
they don't *mean*; what nice directions They
have too, how to prevent the time from hang-
ing heavy on the *poor Ladies* hands Morning,
Noon, or Night, "by *Face* Painting: with
the only method how to lay on the *Rouge* and
Carmine from some new-invented Receipts of
Lady A——, Lady H——, and Miss
W——, "Playing with *Veng*, *Poll*, or
Mr. *Pup*," "Going into the *City* a SHOP-
PING, and how to conceal a very valuable bit
of *Lace* or *rich Silk* without discovery, as it very
fortunately happened but in December last to the
Duchess of ——, Lady ——, and the
Honourable Miss R——, at some Capital
Shops on *Ludgate Hill*; "Or going to an en-
tertainment, and how to load your Pockets lo
with *Sweet-meats* as not to betray You by break-
ing the *Strings* as it most unluckily happened to
Mrs. S—— and A——, two Jew-Merchants
Wives, Hon. Mrs. F——, a Colonel's Lady,
and

We paint, dance, sing, with such invention,
And many other tricks could mention:
That GREEKS or ROMANS are but Fools
To Us, who've so improv'd their Schools!

* MOTTO LX. *Juvenal.*

"*Iter ad GALLIAM,*"

O R

"A quick and easy way to pay our Debts."

Proterius

N O T E.

and Miss A——, an eminent Physician's
Daughter at the Pandemonium about a Month
ago; "the Play, Opera, Masquerade, Almack's,
and "Gaming at Home," if you can't go out,
and betting 500 to 1000 Guineas on a single
Cut or a Card with many other Schemes and
Devices entirely new and never invented before.
—Poor old England! as *Razor* says.

* What happy Effects and great Advantages
have arisen, and do daily, to our Merchants,
Tradesmen and Mechanics, from this MODERN way
of Trade, almost, if not entirely, unknown to our
Forefathers in the last Century! by making an
outside appearance as much as possible in Town,
and Country-Houses, Equipage, number of Servants
in rich Liveries, Sideboards of Plate—sumptu-

Protinus ad Censum de Moribus ultima fiet
 Quæstio: quot nascit Servus? quot possidet
 Agri?
 Iugera? quam multâ, magnâque paropside
 cænat?

N O T E.

ous Living on the greatest *Rarities* and *Delicacies* that can be procured in or out of Season by *Sea* or *Land*! so that You have now, Gentle Reader, exact rules and directions how to proceed if You should *unluckily* make a *stop*, and fall of Honour, by Mr. T—— who was in the *Gazette* some time ago, for 70,000*l.* and made the *best* and *noble* Composition of HALF A CROWN in the Pound, being determined to stand quite clear of even a suspicion of *Secreting* his Effects, to the disadvantage of the *Creditors*, and disgrace of the *Debtor*. This *carefull* and *provident* Gentleman, gave an entertainment at his House some time ago, managed with so much *care* and *frugality*, that in the article of *Fruit* only, no more than TWENTY-FIVE *Guineas* were expended: and was seen upon *Change* in less than a month after he broke, with great *modesty* and *cheerfulness* to receive the congratulations of his Friends on his safe arrival from his *Travels* ABROAD. This should be well considered by All Those who are about *mending* their Fortunes by taking a trip over to the *Continent*.

To Mr. FORDYCE, and the whole Frater-
nity of Bankrupt Brokers.

From *Morals* strait the question's made
To his *Estate* or *Stock in Trade*?
What *Equipage*? and in what *State*?
Whether in *Ghina* supp'd or *Plate*?
What *Lands*? and such—which shew'd the
Elf
Regarded no one but *Himself*.

—— — dedit hæc CONTAGIO labem,
Et dabit in plures! ——

This *SORE* has spread, and will, 'tis fear'd,
Much further than is thought or heard!

• M O T T O L X I. *Juvenal.*

“Originalis CAMERA OBSCURA,”

O R

“The *Court*, *City*, and *Country* MAGIC
LANTHORN,”

Q

In

N O T E.

• The following curious NANNY-GOAT,
Gentle Reader, will account for the droll whim
and humour of this introductory *Title*, with
which

In which every one may take a peep, laugh,
and shake their *Noddles* at each other, go
away well-pleased, and your humble Ser-
vant, My *Lords, Ladies* and *Gentlemen*.

Adspice & Hæc—ne fortè aliquid decoctius
audis!

To

N O T E.

which the *Translator* was favoured by a Friend
of his, a Member of *The Bill of Rights*, (or
WRONGS, which ever the Reader pleases.)—A
certain well-known *Merchant* in *The City*, and
great Frequenter of all the Public Diversions,
especially at the *Court-end* of *The Town*, had
made some short droll remarks on some *Subjects*,
which he had picked up at the *Pantheon* the 3d
Instant, and at other Places in *The City*;—
going to *Lloyd's Coffee House* the next day, and
pulling some Papers out of his pocket in a great
hurry, accidentally dropped this, and went away
immediately to the Bank and other Places; One
of the Waiters picked it up, and happening to
shew it to a Gentleman of humour in the next
Box, he was so pleased with it, that he told the
Boy if he would mount the Auctioneer's Rostrum
there, and read it aloud with a clear, audible
voice, he would give him *Half a Crown* for his
Trouble;

To the frequenters of White's, Almack's, Cocoa-Tree, Soho-Square, and Pandæmonium Societies at St. James's end of the TOWN — the London Tavern, King's-Arms, and all the principal Clubs in The City..

Attend to THESE, lest haply You should find

Nought else so well digested to your Mind !

Q 2 MOTTO

N O T E

Trouble ; as not much Business of Consequence happened to be then stirring, the Boy accordingly got up, and read as follows, to the high fun and diversion of the Company, especially at the Boy's *mistake* at the beginning.

For S A L E by *The Candle.*

Several well-known Characters, both at the City and Court-ends of THE TOWN.

1. On The Right Honourable LORD P—— and Lady BETTY C——, who might be well, when They *were* well. — 2. On the Duchess of B—— and Mr. R——, Sir WILLIAM A—— and Mrs. W——, who seldom *do well*. 3. On Mr. ALDERMAN H—— and a *Jew Merchant's* LADY who might

MOTTO LXII. *Horace.*

† “ CORNU triumphans.”

O R

“ THE HORN exalted.”

ANGLORUM

N O T E.

might do *much better* if they would but try.—

4. On The VICAR of *Bray's* Crest and two Supporters, A *Tytbe Pig* by a *Wheat-Sheaf* and a *Barrel of Ale*.—5. On Mr. DEPUTY RUSH

walking last Week to Islington, and taking an Old Woman, with her Petty-coats blown about her ears by the Wind, for *A Sow and Pigs*.—

6. Another Deceptio Visus (or Mistake in Squinting) of Sir WILLIAM L—— a Scotch Baronet, who took a *Tree* covered with *Snow* for the Steeple of his Parish-Church : to which shall be added, “ A true Touch upon false Optics for the benefit of SECOND SIGHT.—7. On

the Pleasures of *Matrimony* at upwards of THREESCORE, occasioned by the rattling of two Bags of Bones in Bed by Mr. and Mrs. M——, some time ago near *The Charter House*, which alarmed the *House* and Neighbours as much as the *Cock-LANE Ghost*.—8. On *Court* and *City* WIND-MILLS : with a table of the different degrees of Wind proper for each.—9. On Wo-

mens

† ANGLORUM pleno diffudit Copia Cornu!

To THE LORD BISHOP of * * * * *

Happy in ENGLAND to be born!
Where flourishes the *stately* HORN.

Q 3

MOTTO

N O T E.

mens TONGUES : shewing that they are the best
Machines by far for discovering *The Longitude*;
an Hint to the PRIME MINISTER to save the
Nation's Money, as the next *General Election* be-
gins to be drawing on.—10. On the INS and
OUTS, *anatomically* and *physically* considered, with
the Texture and State of the Bones, Flesh,
Nerves, Arteries and Complexions of the
LEADERS of *each PARTY*.—11. On the *Rump*
of a GAME COCK dissected and examined on
the day of the Parliament's Meeting (Novem-
ber 26), at the *Thatched House Tavern* near *St.*
James's by two *Dukes*, three *Lords*, and five
Commoners, with their *political* remarks on the
Curiosities found there; for the use and benefit
of the *Duke of Grafton* and *Lord Rockingham*.—
12. On the dissection also of two great *Politi-*
cians, *Lords B——* and *H——* with
some shrewd and notable signs on the apparent
drops of GREASE found on the *Palms* of *both*
their *Hands* by two eminent *State-Surgeons*,
The

MOTTO LXIII. *The same.*

"Regina PECUNIA,"

O R

"MY LORD! I *will* have THE BREECHES."

A

NOTES.

The *Irish Jesuit*, EDMUND, and COCKING GEORGE, With a full and true account of the *whiteness* of their *Livers*, and great *Cavities* in their *Hearts*, and various other parts of their *Body-Politic*: occasioned, as supposed, by some *Actions* of TRESPASS brought against Them.—

13. And lastly—On a most curious MOUSE-TRAP; so ingeniously contrived, as that the *Mouse* could neither get *in* or *out*, with a new-invented *Mouse-PIPE*, on such amazing principles as to draw the *Rats* and *Mice* alternately into proper Traps, to the vast diversion of the Spectators; i. e. dancing the hay, like *Bayes* in the *Rehearsal* with the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Earth*—*one* Rat between *two* Mice, and then *one* Mouse between *two* Rats. By the learned Dr. P.—, Head of a College in Cambridge;

"With many *others*, tedious now to mention,

"And so, kind Reader, left to *your* invention!"

† The Title of A SERMON, as preached at *St. Paul's* not long ago before *The Lord Mayor*,
and *Aldermen*,

† Instead of *Italia*, for which the *Translator* begs pardon of his Learned Readers.

* A COMEDY,

To which is added * A FARCE, called
"CORNUTI contenti,"

O R

"Any thing for Peace at Home."

Comis in Uxoribus!

N O T E.

Aldermen, and Common-Council, By a certain Right Reverend; With a large and learned Preface on the Antiquity of the Horn, and the honour of Those who are dignify'd with it. By his Lordship's CHAPLAIN, The Rev. Mr. F—— H——, —dedicated to The Lord Mayor and Court. This most excellent Discourse was delivered by his Lordship with great feeling and energy, the Sunday before Horn Fair Day, from the following Text, "His Horn shall be exalted with Honour!" A Copy of this was sent by his Lordship to a certain Noble Duke in Purple Binding and Ribbands, gilt leaves, and the covers very richly embossed, with a noble Pair of BRANCHERS doubly tipped.

* These humorous Pieces, Gentle Reader, are daily acted (in praise of PETTY-COAT Government) both at the Court and City ends of the

176 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

To all refractory and jealous HUSBANDS, who
have been so happy as to wed RICH WIVES.

Oh! blessedness of such a Life!
When Man is civil to his WIFE:

MOTTO

N O T E.

THE TOWN for the benefit of all such HUSBANDS, by all such WIVES who very wisely and prudently known how to keep the Breeches when They have got them. At the end of the Comedy is an original Dance called

"The COURT Ladies."

O R

"Go You, my Dear, to LADY F——, and
I'll visit LORD W—— G——."

and at the end of the Farce, is another, called

"Love in THE CITY,"

O R

"The good-natured HUSBANDS kissing their
WIVES before they go to their Clubs or Parish
Meetings.

N. B. These new and curious Dances are introduced by twelve COURT and CITY Jerry Sneaks, (well-known Faces) each with a Pole in one hand (on the top of which is a noble Pair of Branchers) and a full bag in the other, grinning to think that they had got so much SMART Money.

• MOTTO LXIV. *The same.*

“*Hic labor, hoc opus est,*”

O R

“The *smooth* way to PLACES and PEN-
SIONS, through the *rough* paths of *Satire*
and *Reflection*.”

Accipe quâ ratione queas *ditescere*! namque
Et *Genus*, & *Virtus*, nisi cum *Ra*, vilior
algâ est!

N O T E.

• To shew, Gentle Reader, how hurtful it is
to have one's bread buttered *too much*, may be
most deplorably seen in the instance of the late
unfortunate WILL HAYES, Esq. a very honest
and worthy YEOMAN of *Kent*, who, to the grief
and loss of the whole Nation, was carry'd off,
not many years ago, by being too greedy of
BUTTER, and laid in an UPPER ROOM, after
the old *Jewish* Custom of Burial, in order for
Interment with his NOBLE Ancestors of *pious* and
unblemished Memory, LORDS OXFORD, BOLING-
BROKE, ORFORD, &c. However—To shew
You, at the same time, how wonderfully our
Constitutions are improved even since WILL's
Death

To Messrs. T. WAREPOLE, T. TOWNSHEND, W. ELLES, C. FOX, ONSLOW, HARLEY, &c. not forgetting all those PEERS as well as COMMONERS, known by the name of TRIMMERS, who will have their Bread buttered on both sides.

How to grow rich, attend a while
And I'll relieve You from your toil:
Since *Birth* and *Virtue* (plain enough!)
Is vilely held without THE STUFF!

MOTTO

N O T E.

Death, both in *Church* as well as *State*, the many happy Instances in both; as You may see every day by their rolling in their Chariots with rosy Faces and well-fed, plump Bellies, do plainly testify! Some people may talk of "*Hard Times*!" but alas! this is only by your poor dull ROGUES who don't know how to get any thing; who are always talking of *Conscience*, *Honesty*, and what not! there might be such things formerly in the days of good QUEEN BESS!—but now! where are They to be found? The *Translator* therefore heartily recommends to all our Young Nobility and Gentry who are just entered, or want to get into THE HOUSE, the few following safe and easy Rules (especially if They are but blessed with the modest Front and
brazen.

MOTTO LXV. *The same.*

Difficile est Satyram non scribere; nam quis
iniqua
Tam patiens Urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?
To

N O T E.

Braxen Lungs of Sir BULL-FACE!) which he very luckily saw the other day stuck up in *The Lobby*, as he was going to Westminster-hall.

RULES to be observed by all those Men of either *true* or *false* Eloquence, who want to have their Mouths stopped in time with *Pudding and Beef*.—When You are performing your Devotions to THE IDOL in *St. Stephen's Chapel*, always observe to *nod* or *dissent* as He would have You—but, be sure, You don't (like honest Sir FRANCIS) say Yes when You should say No.—2dly. But if this won't get what You want, then let HONOUR and CONSCIENCE, (at last) bawl out aloud, and threaten THE IDOL with your Fist doubled; as then the *Worshipper* will be *worshipped* (as the *Indians* do the *D---l*, through Fear) which will soon do your business, by getting your request granted.—3dly and lastly—When any thing is offered You by THE IDOL, be sure to make *Good Terms*: whether it is to *Possession* only, or *Reversion* and to *what* Generation

*To Lord TOWNSHEND, a well known Enemy
to SATIRE and CARICATURE !*

*Not to write Satire, is difficil
In these Times, more than Birds to whistle ;
To see Court, City, Country, and not speak,
Is harder much, My Lord ! than Pigs to
squeak.*

MOTTO LXVI. *Horace.*

*Qualem commendes, etiam atque etiam ad-
spice, ne mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem !*

*To Lord WEYMOUTH, who is very nice in
his Recommendations.*

*Whom You commend, examine well within,
And sift him nicely o'er and o'er again :
Lest he should prove unworthy of the boon,
And make You blush, commending him too
soon !*

MOTTO

N O T E.

*eneration of your Family the Reverſion is to
deſcend, whether third or fourth, or to be
limited only to Yourſelf, Wife, and Child.*

MOTTO LXVII. *Ovid.*

Heu ! quam difficile est *Crimen* non prodere
Vultu !

To Lord FALMOUTH, who is seldom seen to
blush, at Court, but when he does a pious
or virtuous action.

Alas ! my Lord ! how hard's the keeping
A Crime beneath our Face from peeping !

MOTTO LXVIII. *Juvenal.*

Nil habet infelix *Paupertas* durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit !

To Sir LAWRENCE DUNDAS, and OTHER
UNFORTUNATE *Commissaries* in Germany.

Nought more severe has *Poverty* than this is,
“ That it does subject Men to scorn and
bisses !

R

MOTTO

MOTTO LXIX. *Ovid.*

*Livor, iners vitium, mores non exit in altos,
Utque latens imâ Vipera serpit humo !*

To LORD WEYMOUTH, and the rest of the
OUTS.

*Envy's a Vice, that ne'er on high does
bound,
But, like the lurking Viper, creeps on lowest
ground !*

MOTTO LXX. *Juvenal.*

*Haud facile emergunt, quorum Virtutibus
obstat
Res angusta domi ! —*

To SIR GEORGE COLEBROOKE, and other
East India DIRECTORS of the same Kid-
ney.

*Those, whose great Virtues by the adverse
Surge
Are beaten much, don't easily emerge !*

MOTTO

MOTTO LXXI. Ovid.

Omne solum Fortis patria est, ut Piscibus
æquor,

Ut Volueri vacuo quicquid in orbe patet!
Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine Cunctos
Ducit, & immemores non finit esse sui!

To the Honourable Mr. CHOLM——Y. *

As Fish the Sea, and Birds the Air do claim,
So every Country's to the BRAVE the same!
How each soil draws its Native, I don't know
And keeps him mindful of her, but 'tis so!

R. 2.

MOTTO

N O T E.

* This worthy Wight, Gentle Reader! was,
it seems, formerly in the Army: and in one of
our late German Campaigns, in the heat of a
Battle, had the misfortune, like his Brother
Captain Bobadil, to be Planet-struck! "Planet-
"struck by Jupiter!" — However—He took
care

MOTTO LXXII. *Unknown.*

Heu ! fragile Humanum Genus ! heu ! terrestria vana !

Heu ! quam *spectatum* continet urna †
Virum !

To

NOTES.

care to keep himself so far from being struck into the Ground, as to be able to run off with his Breeches in his hands, (for he had lost his Musket from the stroke) and got behind a *Sack of Flour*, and told the Serjeant, " he was now
" ready to receive the Enemy, come where if
" he dare !" This *brave* and *gallant* Officer took his Friend Hudibras's advice : for he liv'd to come home again, but *not* " to fight another
" day !" for he thought better on't, and got a certain good-natured Right Reverend to *ordain* him—so he now rests in peace in the arms of his *Mother-Church*, and basks in the sunshine of the *Gospel*, where he is no *less* eminent than in the *Field* ! *Tam Ecclesiâ quam Marti,*" i. e. Gentle Reader ! as honest *Master Foote* renders it, " equally courageous and skilfull in both !"

† This Latin Distich concludes the Epitaph on a TRUE and GENUINE Patriot (as the Reader will

To Sir GILBERT ELLIOT, CREAM-
COLOURED Tommy, JAMES OSWALD,
Jerry MUNGO, CHARLES FOX, and
CHARLES JENKINSON, Esqrs. and the rest
of those real PATRIOTS who are daily
dying for their Country, that their Families
may live the better upon it!

Alas ! how frail is human kind !

All earthly things how vain !

Yet one of what exalted mind

Does this small urn contain !

R 3

MOTTO

N O T E.

will see presently) the famous ANDREW MAR-
VEL, Esq. Member of Parliament for Kingston
upon Hull, in Yorkshire, in the reign of Charles
II. and who was the glory of REAL Patriotism !
The foregoing part of his Epitaph is in English.
Could the Translator see such Patriots now-a-days,
he would forfeit his ears to be nailed to the Pil-
lory for the benefit of those Patriots who call
Themselves "The King's Friends!" "The
Court-Party" sent to Mr. MARVEL one day
"for

MOTTO LXXIII. *Horace.*

Verum opere in *longo* fas est obrepere som-
num!

— — — — quandoque bonus dormitat
HOMERUS!

To

NOTE.

“ for his *Vote*, with a message from the *King*,
“ by his Treasurer, *Lord Danby*, and a present
“ of a THOUSAND Pounds in case he would
“ give it, which he rejected with a most noble
scorn and indignation, tho’ at the very time he
“ was in no small distress! for *Lord Danby* was
“ no sooner gone, than he was forced to send to
“ a Friend in the Strand to lend him a *Guinea*
“ to keep him from *starving!*”—O *Patriotism!*
how art thou now fallen! Where is now your
Pericles, *Aristides*, *Epaminondas*, *Curtius*, *Curio*,
and *Cincinnatus*? Our modern Patriots talk so
much about “ Public Good, and Public Vir-
“ tue,” that they quite forget Themselves and
their Families: and therefore to shew their zeal
to the last, have adopted for their *Motto*, the fol-
lowing well-known, excellent Passage of *Horace*,

“ Dulce

To the Honourable STEPHEN FOX, Esq.

In long Affairs, if thro' bad sight,
You can't get on your *Conjuring-Cap*:
'Tis lawful then to bid good night
And take a comfortable nap!

'Tis

N O T E.

" Dulce & decorum est *pro patria* MORI!"

which the *Translator*, as in duty bound to the
Ladies and his *English Readers*, humbly apprehends it means thus, " That it were good for
" *this Country* if some People had been *hanged*
" *TWELVE Years ago!*" Our *modern PATRIOTS*,
therefore, plainly shew, " That the *old Greeks*
" and *Romans* knew nothing at all of the matter
" about *REAL Patriotism*: so that honest Master
" *HORACE* must certainly have got too
" much of the *juice of the Grape* in his *Noddy*,
" when he wrote the above Sentence: and that
" instead of *MORI*, he should have wrote *VIVERE*,
" as witness *VERRES*, *CLODIO*, *CATALINE*, *CETHEGUS*, and other such *TRUE* and
" *ONLY Patriots*." And, " That the above
" *PERICLES*, &c. and all others of *that stamp*,
" were

188 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

'Tis true in fact, but may perhaps look odd,
That MASTER STEPHEN's sometimes seen
to nod!

MOTTO LXXIV. *Juvenal.*

Maxima debetur PUEBLO reverentia!

To † LORD HOLDERNESS.

E T O V

I know not, *My Lord!* how this Caution
may suit You,

But take care that You don't "cheat the
"Son of his Duty!"

MOTTO

N O T E S.

"were a parcel of Fools and Madmen (the
"NORTHUMBRELANDS, TEMPLES, CAM-
"DEN, SAVILES, WYNNES, &c. of those
"Ages!) for making such a ridiculous bel-
"lowing and noise in the Senate of ATHENS
"and ROME about Virtue and Humanity—leaping
"into Gulphs—rejecting Money when offered to
"them—going to Plough—eating Turnips, like
"good Lord Rockingham, and such like MAD
"Tricks!"

† That the innocence of this MOTTO may be
placed in it's proper point of light to the eye of
some

MOTTO LXXV. *Ovid.*

*Terra salutiferas herbas eademque nocentes
Nutrit, & Urtica proxima sæpe Rosa est!*

*To our LORDS and LADIES of Quality—of
no Quality,—and all Qualities, frequenting
Public Places.*

*Good and bad herbs does the same Earth dis-
close,
And near the Nettle often sits the Rose!*

MOTTO

N O T E:

*Some of his Readers, the Translator thinks it but
right that They should be told that this very
honest and truly worthy Nobleman has the ho-
nour to be Governor to the Prince of Wales, and
at the same time the modesty and gratitude (in re-
turn for the Confidence which his Royal and
Honest Master has placed in him) to be a well-
known and excellent FRIEND to the King's Re-
venues at the CUSTOM-HOUSE.*

MOTTO LXXVI. *The same.*

Jam propera, nec te venturas differ in horas:
Qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit !

To Sir THOMAS ROBINSON, *Ranelagh-House,*
punctual to an hour in his Payments.

Now hasten, nor put off the coming hour ;
Who's slow to day, to morrow will be slower !

MOTTO LXXVII. *Horace.*

NATURAM expellas furcâ, tamen usque re-
curret !

To LORD SPENCER HAMILTON.

You may force us You please, My Lord !
honest DAME NATURE,
But she *still* will return, Thou smart, *flow-*
venly Creature !

MOTTO

MOTTO LXXVIII. *Unknown.*

* *GALLIA* ! vicisti, profuso turpiter auro,
Armis pauca, Dolo plurima, Jure nihil!

To GENERAL PAOLI, on the French filch-
ing from him his Island of *CORSICA* in
1769.

FRANCE ! by thy *bril'ry* spreading o'er,
Thou dost thy Foes enthrall :
By *Arms* but few, by *Tricking*, more,
But none, by *Right*, at all !

MOTTO

N O T E.

* This very pretty, expressive, and concise
Epigram in *the Latin*, not unworthy the pen of
Martial himself, was said, at that time, to have
been written and sent over here by an *Italian*
Nobleman, whose name the *Translator* could
never learn.

* MOTTO LXXIX. *Horace.*

— — — *Quidam memoratur Athenis,
Sordidus ac dives—Populi contemnere voces
Sic solitus: "Populus me sibilat, at mihi
plaudo
Ipse domi: simul ac nummos contemplor in
Arcâ!*

*To the well-known very worthy, generous, hu-
mane, and charitable SOLOMON FLINT,
Esq. of Bath, this Passage is very humbly
and modestly address'd!*

There is (as goes in modern song)
At Bath, a rich old Hunks, one L——G:
Who's wont to himself, with chuckling eyes
The Public Voice thus to despise:
"The

NOTE.

* This Passage was design'd by the Translator
in September, 1771, as a Motto for Mr. Foote's
late new Play, "*The Maid of Bath*."

" The People may hiss, and may scratch
with their claws,

" Whilst at home I am sure to meet with
applause,

" In laughing at Them, when I'm over
my draw'rs !

* MOTTO LXXX. TULLY, in *Senectute*.

Vitæ bene ACTÆ jucundissima est recorda-
tio !

S

To

N O T E.

* The Translator (in order so far to escape the smartness and pleasantry of the Critics upon him) is to inform the Ladies and his English Readers, that the Author of the above Passage, was no Poet, though the greatest Orator in the World !—This Passage was taken by Mr. POPE and applied to the late famous Actor Mr. BETTERTON, which the Translator here has applied also to Mrs. CLIVE.

To that celebrated and justly admired Actress,
 Mrs. CLIVE, who about three or four seasons ago retired from the The Stage.

"T'have ACTED well our Part in Life,"

" 'Tis pleasant to remember !"

Whether as † *Widow, Maid, or Wife,*

In † April or December ;

| Yet Others Follies on The Stage

Whilst We have amply shewn :

"Tis useful when *advanc'd in Age,*

To recollect our own.

MOTTO

NOTES :

† Alluding to her three Characters of the
Widow Blackacre, Flora, and Lady Suz, in *The*
Plain Dealer, the Wonder, and The Peep behind
the Curtain.

† For Rythm-sake only.

MOTTO. LXXXI. *Horace.*

O Imitatores! *Servum Pécus!* ut mihi sæpe
Bilam, sæpe *Focum* vestri movere *Tumultus!*

TO THE MACARONIES.

Ye *Servile Herd!* how often at your folly,
Have I been deadly cut with *Laugh* and
Melancholy!

A Dialogue, in the month of October last,
between THOMAS WOZENCRAFT, Esq.
a brave honest Officer in the Navy, and
Lieutenant OHOANEY in the same Ship;
—as they were walking together in *The*
Park.

The Capt.—"Who's that fribbling, that
minceing, that sweet-scented Fellow,
So with silver bedaub'd, and bepowdered, in
yellow!

That driv'ling, amphibious, fantastical Elf,
Who's fond (like *Narcissus*) of nought but
himself!

Herself I should say: for by such looks so
tender,

The pretty thing seems of the *Epicoene*
Gender!

S 2 That

That finical, wriggling, Nonentity Quid-
nunc;

Who's sure to be sober for fear that he is
drunk!

That Woman-like, Hermaphroditical Booby,
With his Hair so bagg'd up, Coach-horse
like, a great Looby!"

Paddy.—"By my faith! I can't tell You,
cries Patrick Oboaney,
But that's a *straunge Crature*, They call MA-
CARONI."

MOTTO LXXXII. *The same.*

Syrenis vocem, CIRCE & pocula nostri!

You know the *Jade's* winning, alluring
Voice,

And *Mother COLE's* *Bottle* that makes Us
rejoice.

To a celebrated Female Performer, going down
with Mr. FOOTE in November, 1770, to
The Theatre Royal at Edinburgh.

Adieu! Sweet Syren of the ear!

Thou Pearl of *real* worth!

Farewell! and mayst Thou now appear

The JEWEL of *The North*!

MOTTO.

• MOTTO LXXXIII. *The same.*

Foenum habet in CORNU !
Hic niger est ! HUNC Tu, Romane, caveto !

Of this mild LAMBKIN, *Briton*, have a care !
 As he's a dang'rous Animal, pray beware !

§ 3

To

N O T E.

• How admirably, Gentle Reader, our CHURCH Discipline is kept up by her Right Trusty and Worthy Governors, may be fully seen and as happily felt, even from the Instance of this *Leviathan* floundering about in the miry and filthy Ocean of POLITICS ! Indeed as to her Temporal Emoluments, *They* are in no such danger of being neglected or forgotten : her *Friends* can't help looking on with an eye of Pity and Indignation, and her *Enemies* will tell it with pleasure. It would be endless as well as disagreeable, to trace the evil and mischievous Consequences of this scandalous and shameful NEGLECT up to its *Fountain Head*, through all its various Windings of COMMENDAMS, DISPENSATIONS, PLURALITIES, NON-RESIDENCE on *Dioceses* as well as *Living*s, the boyish and absurd DRESS of the Younger Clergy, as to CURL

HAIR

To a pretended patriotic PARSON. On seeing
further Letters of his some time ago to
JUNIUS.

Still at your *Politics*, DOCTOR! always
writing!

No time for Sermons of your own inditing!
You're

N O T E.

HAIR, SCRATCH WHIGS, WHITE STOCKINGS
and LEATHER BREECHES, with a long train of
ET CÆTRAS! Not to mention the infamous
STOCK JOBBING of *Living*s, daily in our *Public*
Papers! by which means (whatever the *Eccle-*
siastical, or, *Common* Lawyers may pretend to say
in defence of it) it is difficult to conceive how a
Man can possibly *purchase* one HIMSELF (*directly*
or *indirectly*) and, at the same time, stand clear of
that most *strict* and *solemn* OATH which is re-
quired of him by the *Bishop* at INSTITUTION!
Should not this Oath then be either wholly
abolished, or an entire stop put to the *purchase* of
*Living*s? It is *pretended* that the *Ecclesiastical*
Law does *not* make it SIMONY: but what has
that to do with a Man's CONSCIENCE in *this*
Case, which if not scared, will always pay due
reverence to an OATH!—We are come to that
pass now, that where ONE *Living* is presented
entirely GRATIS, an HUNDRED are sold, and
that

You're right—"A BISHOP never breath'd
upon Thee!"

The D—L took the *Gown* and clapped it on
Thee!

MOTTO

N O T E.

that as publicly as *Cattle* at *Smithfield*!—The
Translator does not pretend to make the least
merit of his own Integrity in the following *Anec-*
dote, since he has the pleasure to know some
Others of his *Brethren* that are equally so: but
only to relate a plain Matter of Fact that hap-
pened to himself, not quite *two* Years ago.—

"He was given to understand by a Gentleman,
that if he went to a CERTAIN Person of great
connections with MEN IN POWER, he might,
at last, after having been *so many* Years in Or-
ders, get a Piece of *Church Preferment*; he
waited upon him accordingly:—when he came
into the Room, "Now, Mr. S——, said he,
" (smiling and *scratching* the palm of his hand) I
" can help You to the *next Living* that falls in
" the KING's Gift, or any Piece of *Preferment*
" *under* a *Deanery*."—"Sir, I plainly under-
" stand your meaning: but You must give Me
" leave to tell You, or the PRIME MINISTER
" himself, That, was LAMBETH now vacant,
" and his MAJESTY would put Me into posses-
" sion of it, on condition of giving only A
" SINGLE SIX-PENCE, I protest most solemnly,
" I

MOTTO LXXXIV. *Virgil.*

— — tantæne animis COELESTIBUS iræ?

And can such *ravings* dwell in HEAVENLY
minds?

Oh! *Liberty!* (my *King!*) and *Country!*
CATO.

N O T E.

"I would not do it?"—"How, Sir? I
"am astonished!—I plainly perceive You are
"Sir—by your not knowing, I suppose, what
"a very strict and solemn OATH We take at
"the Institution to a *Living, Prebend, &c.*—
"No indeed I profess I did not.—Upon which I
"repeated it to him, word for word, and took
"my leave of him."—Most *Excellent* truly!
if the *Royal* Bounty is to be thus perverted and
abused, what rare *encouragement* for Merit and
Learning! How far it concerns *all* Patrons to
consider this Point, They Themselves can best
tell; The *Translator* only begs leave to ask the
following question, "If *Those* (who, either by
"Themselves, or *knowingly* by Others, dispose
"of *Church* *Præferments* in *this* manner) are not
"guilty of NATIONAL SACRILEGE?"

To Mr. ALDERMAN HARLEY and the CITY
PATRIOTS, on their being set together by the
Ears, by the MINISTRY, and then falling out
desperately with each other.

The Patriots Cause is bad, no doubt,
A Judgment on their Sin !
They're by TOM HARLEY beat without,
And by THEMSELVES within !

MOTTO LXXXV. *Ovid.*

FORMA bonum fragile est !

That BEAUTY's form is a frail Good,
Is plain—but little understood !

To Lady SPENCER, on a Capital Painting of
Her by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in last Year's
Exhibition of The Royal Academy.

What Grace ! what Ease ! what Elegance
combin'd !

Hail happy Types of her all-pleasing Mind !

Yet let Me tell You, DELIA, Beauty's
flower,

How short and fleeting—like the present
hour,

Shews how We should by Virtue's Graces
prove

Ourselves most worthy of these Joys ABOVE.

MOTTO

MOTTO LXXXVII.

Totus Mundus agit HISTRIONEM *!

Blame not *The Stage* for evil Facts :Since † *The whole World* THE PLAYER acts!To MRS. BARRY, on seeing her some considerable time ago in *The Fair Penitent*.

Go on, sweet Actress! and You, not long hence,

Will prove CALLISTA in the † original sense!

N O T E S.

* This Motto is from another Prose Writer, whose name the Translator forgets.

† What is more common (and yet nothing more unjust or ungratefull) than to hear People throwing out their Invectives against *The Stage*, as if *that* was the sole corrupter of our Morals? The Translator is as much surprized at the mistake as the severity of their Sentiments of "a Set of People," who take such Pains every night to make Us return home wiser and better than We came there, if We had but the Sense to discern, and the Heart to practice! He therefore begs leave to point out their mistake and severity.

† The word *Callista*, in the Greek, signifying "The best."

MOT TO LXXXVII. *Horace.*

Nil desperandum TUCRO Duce, & Auspice
TEUCRO!

Under such *Trojan Guides*, there's no room
left for despairing:

Since thro' both *thick* and *thin* They will give
You an airing!

Now **N**ow **E.** *severely*, by offering it as his humble opinion,
“That it is absurd to pretend reforming The
Stage before The Nation, and particularly The
Town;” the business of a *Dramatic Writer* be-
ing, as he supposes, to copy Human Nature, and
represent Things as they really are upon the great
Stage of the World. Let our Nobility and Gentry
then only leave off their *Luxury, Wh-r-g.* and
Gaming; the Citizens, their *Cheating* and *Extra-
vagance*; the Clergy, their *Quarrels, Pride,* and
Covetousness; the Lawyers and *Physical Quacks*
their *Tricks* and *Rogueries*, and the Women
Vanity, Folly, and *Intriguing*, and he will for-
feit his ears to be nailed to the Pillory, if the
Stage don't reform presently. Besides—the *seve-
rity* of their Sentiments too; for was such a
reformation as *this* to take place, Mercy on Us!
what would become of all the poor Parsons,
Lawyers,

To THE BENCHERS of the Inner and Middle
Temple; on the Lamb and Horse being their
two Insignia.

The LAMB, the Lawyer's Innocence declares,
The HORSE, their Expedition in Affairs;

Hail,

NOTE.

Lawyers, and Physicians? Their Trades would
not be worth following; whereas now, They
ride in their Coaches, preach three or four times
o'Year and make nothing on't; get their Clients
locked up so in Westminster-Hall, that They
can't get out again all their Life-time;
and kill their Patients by Hundreds *secundum*
Artem, that is, Gentle Reader, by the Pestle and
Mortar. But what is worst of all—What would
become of Little DAVID, Master GEORGE and
Co. and MOTHER COLE's Bottle? To be sure
it would be good fun to see their Stage Doors
shut up, They peeping over, and the SAINTS
of the Tabernacle passing by and comforting
Them with "Oho, my Masters! What are
" Ye there, Cockeys! Ye div'lish Imps of Satan,
" and Ministers of Beelzebub! What! We've
" got Ye now! have We so? We'll beat the
" d——l's Tattoos upon your doors now, as Ye
" would not suffer it to be done before upon
" your Consciences; Now then for a glorious
" end of this Reformation, and a Millennium State!"

Hail, Happy Men! for choos'ing two such
Types,
 As plainly shew Ye give the World no *Wipes*;
 For Who dares say that *SURTS* are at a *stand*,
 When two such Virtues both go hand in
 hand?

No more let *CHANC'RY-LANE* be endless
 counted,
 Since You're by *LAMB* and *HORSE* so nobly
 mounted!

* *MOTTO LXXXVIII. The same.*

— — — — — *Ingenium res*
Adversa CELARE solent, —

Distress, our Mind will sometimes *VARNISH*
 over.

N O T E.

*This Epigram, Gentle Reader! was written
 by this very learned PROFESSOR and DIVINE,
 who had often declared to his Friends his full
 resolution of never engaging again in the Holy
 State,*

To DOCTOR M——, a Rev. DIVINE,
and Cambridge PROFESSOR.

Some CLERKS have many Wives: some four,
some five:

The verriest, lowdest, rankest Goats alive!

Not I! my first dear Wife my last shall
prove,

Adieu Connubial Joys! Adieu to Love!

For what are all Connubial Joys to come,

To Me! who've lost the best in Christendom!

A PA-

NOTE.

State, upon the *inconsolable* loss of his first DEAR SPOUSE: Yet, notwithstanding his said resolution, (as 'tis in vain to expect *Perfection* here below!) he was seen leading up, like a good Patriarch of old, his Handmaid to Hymen's Altar within less than three months after he had bury'd his first DEAR RIB.—The Translator has only humbly attempted the Parody, and endeavour'd to adapt the *Mottoes* to them.

A PARODY on the above Epigram

— — — — NUDARE Secundæ,

But *second* Thoughts being best," will
soon DISCOVER,

Some CLERKS have *second* thoughts, some
four, some five;

The strangest, ficklest *Weather-cocks* alive!
Not I! my *first* Resolve my *last* shall prove,
Welcome Connubial Joys! O welcome Love!
For what to me are all my Years to come?
Unless my ROSE will have me, I'm struck
dumb!

* MOTTO LXXXIX. *Persius.*

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi Te scire hoc sciat
Alter.

What's *all* the learning of a COLLEGE?
Unless to *Others* They give knowledge.

T 2

To

N O T E.

* This Copy of Verses was occasioned by the
Translator's being down at Oxford about the end
of

To the Right Rev. The DEAN and CHAPTER
of Christ-Church, in Oxford.

As honest old *Radcliffe* was peeping about
Fam'd *Peckwater-Square* in the close of the
day;

He hemm'd and he cough'd, and at last
spy'd a † *Scout*,
† “*Quot' est hora?*” my Boy! can you tell
me, I pray?

Good

N O T E

of the Summer upon a visit to a Friend of his of
great humour and pleasantry, who was a *Master*
of Arts Student of *Christ-Church*, with whom he
spent the best part of a Month most agreeably;
happy in every thing, but he want now and then
of some particular Editions of the *Greek* and *Ro-*
man Classics, especially *Homer* and *Fully*, which
he was told were in the *Library*; his Friend, and
other ingenious and agreeable Gentlemen of the
College, took pains to procure them for him,
but all to no purpose! for after many messages,
Word, at last, was sent “That the *Library* was
“*shut up*, and They could not possibly be had.”
They happened to be walking together in com-
pany

Good and Reverend Sir! you may talk as
you please,
But must needs think I don't understand
your learn'd *Lingo*:
I'd rather You'd give me some *Bread* and
some *Cbeefe*,
With a good dram of *Gin*, or a Bottle of
Stingo:

T 3

But

N O T E S.

pany with others, that very evening, at one end
of the *Square*, about dusk, when They were
surprized, at some distance, with an odd Ap-
pearance of something like a Woman, stuffed up
in *white*, hanging upon a small rope: upon their
drawing nearer, some arch Boys at the other end
giving the signal, cry'd out, "A *Ghost*, a *Ghost*!"
and away they run: snap went the rope, and
down dropped *Dido*! The oddity of this Af-
fair, which proved harmless and diverting
enough, gave the *Translator* the hint for the
above Verses.

† A *Scout* in *Oxford* is what We call in *Cam-*
bridge, a *Gyp*, "One who goes on Errands."

† "What's o'clock?"

But how now? what's here, pray,—the *Li-*
brary shut?

Are *Homer* and *Tully* to be only *immur'd*?
Farewell *Greek* and *Latin*! I'll hie to my
|| *Hut*,
Under good *Bishop Fell* they were ne'er so
secur'd ;

O Sir! strange doings now! tho' I'm one
of small knowledge,
But our wise *DEAN* and *CHAPTER*, like right
cunning *Elves* :

Know there's but *little* Learning now stir-
ring in College,
And *that* they're determin'd to keep to *Them-*
selves.

MOTTO

N O T E.

|| *Hut* is used only for Rythm-sake here, and
means the *Grave*, as it was *Radcliffe's* supposed
Ghost.

MOTTO XC. Terence.

ILIAS in Nuce,"

O R.

"A NUT for all the Critics, Conjurers, and
Clever Fellows in the two Cities of London
and Westminster.

Davus sum, non OEDIPUS!

That I'm no CONJURER, I agree,
But honest *Davus* as You see!

Another most curious * *Ænigma*, or Riddle,
which the Translator humbly apprehends
is best adapted to, and calculated for the
Meridian of Broad St. Giles's, Hockley-
o'th'-Hole, and all the little Alleys, Lanes,
and Close Places.

In densis *Sylvis* venor, bis quinque *catellis*:
Quod capio, perdo: quod non capio, mihi
servo.

Translated

N O T E.

* If the Reader remembers, he has already
met with two Riddles before, at Epigrams the
XXVth and XXVIth, both excellent of their
kind!

212 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

Translated into English for their benefit.

With *Dogs* five couple, in thick woods I
roam :

What's catch'd, I kill : what's not, I keep at
home.

*And into Greek, (see also Epigram the 99th)
for the Amusement of DOCTOR FRANKLIN,
and other learned and ingenious Gentlemen,
both of the Laity as well as Clergy, to whom
the Translator has the honour and pleasure of
being known in and about the City.*

Σὺν δὲ πάντε κυσὶ, ἐν πυκναῖς λοχμαῖσι κηρύσσω :

ὃ διχαράει, κτείνω : τὸ μὲν, τηρῶ μετ' ἑμαυτῶν.

MOTTO

N O T E.

kind ! This now before Us is not destitute of
Ingenuity, though somewhat indelicate, but no
ways *obscene* ; otherwise, the *Translator* would
by no means have suffered it to have defiled his
Page ; for though no Man living loves Humour
and Pleasantry better than himself, yet he ad-
mits it only on two Conditions, *Decency* and
Good Nature. — This Epigram, in *Latin*, was
given him some time ago, by a smart School-
Boy, who either did not know, or forgot the
Author of it. However, as there is Ingenuity
and Humour in it, he thought it might be ac-
ceptable to his Readers. He imagines this will
want no solution, it being a pretty obvious one,
as appears by *Those* to whom it is address.

* **MOTTO XCI.** *Horace.*

Unde nil *majus* generatur Ipso !

Nec viget quidquam *simile* !

For what is *He* among the Gods ? that shall
be like unto THE LORD !

Psalms 89, v. 7.

On the Passage of the ISRAELITES out of
Ægypt.

When *Ægypt's* King God's chosen Tribes
persu'd,

In chrystal walls th' *admiring Waters* stood !

When

N O T E.

* The *Translator* was favoured with this very
beautifull *Epigram* by an *Unknown Hand*; He
has only endeavoured to adapt the *Motto*, and
even *that* he could not translate by any means
equal to his Wishes, so he had recourse to that
ever flowing Fountain of the true Sublime in
Writing, THE BIBLE ! on this very particular
and extraordinary subject : for which he trusts he
has not the least occasion to make an *Apology*
with his kind and candid Readers.

214 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES

When thro' the Desert wild They took their
way,

The Rocks *relented!* and poured forth a
Sea!

What limits can ALMIGHTY GOODNESS
know?

When Seas can *harden!* and when Rocks
can *flow!*

MOTTO XCII. *The same.*

Dignum laude *Virum* Musa vetat mori!

TO LORD LYTTLETON.

The Muse forbids *the Man* to dye,
Whose fame is tow'ring to the Sky!

MOTTO XCIII. *The same.*

Det vitam, det opes!

TO the DUTCHESS of ANCASTER.

Belinda's Toy shall credit give,
And teach a *Genius* how to live!

MOTTO

NO OTES.

* The *Translator* inscribes this to *Her Grace*,
as she is said to be remarkable for her elegant
taste in that pretty female implement, called THE
FAN.

MOTTO XCIV. *The same.*

*Si pranderet olus patienter, REGIBUS uti
Nollet ARISTIPPUS! —*

*If on plain herbs could ARISTIPPUS dine,
After a MITRE he'd ne'er fret and whine!*

*To a certain • COURT-CHAPLAIN, on his late
Translation of some FRENCH Sermons, and
dedicated to The PRINCE OF WALES."*

Meek, humble, modest PARSON D—D!

Believe Me, it is mighty odd —

That You such hopes should dish up :

For after all, my good Friend WILL!

Whate'er You think, You will be still

A PRIEST, but not A BISHOP.

The

N O T E.

*• Thus characterized by a late very celebrated
Poet,*

— — — — — that mild Man of God

The Reverend Doodle D—D!

Ep. to Lorenzo.

The † *Parties* which You try'd to fix
 Of *Ladies* (monst'rous ! thus to mix)
 To grace the *Chaplain's Table* :
Carnal with *Spiritual* thus to join !
Flounc'd PETTY-COATS with *Gowns* divine !
 O fie ! ev'n *That's* not able.

For tho' the hold of *Apron-strings*,
 And all such mighty pretty things
 Do raise Men who are *humble* :
 Yet when, poor, *Creatures* ! they kick up,
 And their orig'nal dust lick up,
 Lord ! how *These* groan and grumble !

Another

N O T E.

† This *heavenly-minded* and *Spiritual* Divine,
 Gentle Reader ! laboured hard not a great
 while ago, it seems, to introduce a *polite* custom
 of having *Ladies* at the Table for the King's
Chaplains : not forgetting the excellency of a
 famous old *Roman* Adage, somewhat transposed,

"Sine VENERE frigent *Cervi & Bucervi*,"

i. e. as my good LORD TALBOT (the learned
 CLERK of the *Kitchen* and *Gellar* at St. JAMES'S)
 very excellently translates it, "What signifies
 "Good Eating and Drinking without a GIRL !"

Another † String You've try'd to touch,
Which if it serves your purpose much,
The World might justly wonder:

Thus did *Salmonus* rattle o'er
The *brass* Bridge, to make it roar
Like *Jove's* imperial Thunder!

Of *FRENCH* Translations We've enough,
And all such meagre, flimsy stuff,
Both sacred and profane:

But what will suit proud *Louy's* Court,
Should not to *GEORGE's* here resort,
As all such Preaching's vain!

¶ *Marillon's* Pen flows much too fine,
In polish'd Periods every line,

U

To

N O T E.

† Another step taken by him to raise himself
to the *Purple*, is his late Publication of a
FRENCH Bishop's Sermons: when We have such
an amazing plenty and profusion of *our own*,
so very justly and deservedly acknowledged to
be infinitely superiour to any in the whole
World!

¶ Bishop of *Clermont* in *France*,

To stand the *British* test :
 The heart of *GEORGE* will never bow
 To *FRENCH* Discourses; since We know
We have by far the best !
 Thus while You warn a *PAINCE*'s cat
 Of specious *Flattery* to beware !
 You gild the *GALLIC* Pill
 In such a manner, as to suit
 Your honest views with *GEORGE* or *Bute*,
 And so farewell, dear *WILL* !
 Your old Friend, one, who tho' less than
 the least of all *CURATES*, City or Country,
 yet, (Thanks to *HEAVEN* !) too honest to
 flatter, and too happy to be made A *BISHOP* !

MOTTO XCV. *The same.*

— — — — — *Me gelidum Nemus !*

Indeed Mrs. *ARNE* ! I don't like my lot,
 So I think my best way is to make for yon
Grot !

To the Memory of the late celebrated Miss
WRIGHT, afterwards Mrs. ARNE, on the
Bird's flying from her hand in December,
1768, at Drury-Lane, in the Grove-Scene
in the Opera of The Padlock.

O LEONORA! wonder not
That thy sweet little Robin flies:
'Tis to the Stream, near yonder Grot,
To cool his Throat, or else he dies,

Aw'd by thy Voice, he tries no more,
Where strength and sweetness so combine:
And therefore he despairs to soar,
To strains melodious like *thine*!

MOT to XCVI. *The same.*

Est quodam prodire tenus;—si non datur
ultra.

'Tis something so far to attain,
If We can nothing higher gain!

To Sir JAMES HODGES, Town-Clerk of the
City.

After all this great bustle, is it so very strange,
That *now-a-days Men* and their *Manners*
should change ?

Go on then, *Sir Knight*, and *swear* 'tis a *Lye*:
Since You wanted to make but A *MAYOR*
“ *by the bye.*”

MOTTO

N O T E.

• This Epigram was occasioned, Gentle Reader! on the Election of a *Lord Mayor* at Michaelmas, 1769, at which Sir JAMES was observed to be uncommonly alert and active ! and as the following NANNY-GOAT (vulgo ANECDOTE !) may not be unacceptable to his Readers, the *Translator* (always happy when he can amuse and entertain Them) gives it Them word for word, to the best of his remembrance, as it was told to him by a pleasant Friend of his, being relative to that bustling Occasion. “ A certain *Cobler* going home with a pair of shoes, one morning during the Contest, and wanting to get back

MOTTO XCVII. *Quid.*

Foelix, quem faciunt *aliena* pericula cautum!

Happy is he, whom *Others* Ills

Instruct him to beware:

Whose breast no *Jealousy* e'er fills,

Or any *other* Care!

U 3

To

N O T E.

back to his Bulk as soon as he could, squeezed through Guild-Hall Yard, where happening to be a little behind Sir JAMES, and being snapp'd at by a small *white-liver'd* CUR, Crispin instantly drew his *Awl*, and unluckily aiming his stroke with great force in a Line rather too direct, almost bury'd it in the KNIGHT's *Breeches*. Away scuffled Crispin, and down fell Sir JAMES, roaring out, most lustily with his old Friend *Her- race*.

One!

To Mr. GARRICK, on seeing him twice in the
same Week in the Character of DON FELIX.

"That Miracles are laid aside,"

Avaunt Divines in what You speak!
Since DAVID has this Truth deny'd,
By working Wonders TWICE a Week!

MOTTO

N O T E: ON THE

"Ohe! jam satis est!"

"Enough, Enough!" crys out the KNIGHT,
"Lord! my poor wife! in what a fright!

The Mob instantly surounded him: and some,
more humane than the rest, carry'd him home,
where he continued for some days dangerously
ill of a disorder in that Part, which it was feared
by the City-Surgeons would bring on a "*Fis-
tula in Ano*;" but the Court-Anatomists, hearing
of it, said, They made no doubt (from Sir
JAMES's robust Habit and athletic Constitution)
that the Disorder would fly upwards, and hap-
pily terminate only in a gentle "*Fistula Lac-*

rymalis

MOTTO XCVIII. *Horace.*

Hunc neque dira venena, nec hosticus auferet
ensis,

Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra,
GARRULUS hunc consumet!

HIM neither Poison, nor the hostile Dart,
Nor Pleurisy, nor Cough, nor Gouty Part,
But busy CANDIDATES shall vex him to
the heart!

To Mr. DEPUTY RUSH of Candlewick
Ward, on his complaining to his Friends upon
Change, in being plagued and troubled so
for his Vote at the late Election for Lord
Mayor.

That You are press'd in such a Case

I must confess I do not wonder:

Gentlemen

NOT E.

symbolis: Those wise Sages guessed right, as they
had, very soon after, the pleasure to hear that he
began to read *Latin* in the old Character with
his usual *Vatubility*; and would be able to trans-
late it with very great Spirit by Lord-Mayer's
Day, to the full satisfaction and admiration of
all present! but as this came from Those who
attend Court, their Judgment was suspected, by
the City-Anatomists: However—We mention
this only BY THE BYE. —

Gem'men who sue for *such* a Place,
Must run, and fly, and rap like Thunder !

But if You'd still enjoy your *Bowl*,
Read o'er the *News*, or take your *Nap* :
Go to the *Hustings*, give your *Poll*,
And then You'll quickly stop the Gap.

Thus when my Lady's *Chamber Maid*
Was plagu'd and pester'd by *Old Bubble*, *
Marriage was th' only trick She play'd,
Which quickly sav'd her further trouble !

MOTTO

N O T E.

* A very worthy and venerable Lord of superior taste in Piccadilly, which gave occasion to a certain lively Court Lady, with her usual smartness, to observe in The Drawing-Room at the Circle, That she never thought his Lordship would have married so much above his quality ! O ye Lady MARRIAGE, how could You be so cruel as to vex the poor Old Son so, and throw him into a Fever that almost killed him ! Had the Translator sufficient Interest with some Great People at Court, he would indict this Lady upon the Act of Monopoly and Engrossing !

MOTTO XCIX. *The same.*

— — — — — *Navibus atque*
Quadrigris petimus bene vivere! quod petis
Hic est!

To LORD H———D, alias *Sir EPICURE*
MAMMON, Piccadilly.

*We compass Sea and Land to get * Content!*
But if 'tis not WITHIN Us! Toil and Time's
mis-spent!

MOTTO

N O T E.

* What wonderfull bustle and laborious enquiries were made some Ages ago by *Conjurors* of other Nations as well as *our own*, for what They were pleased to call "*The Philosopher's Stone.*" If there ever was, or is now, such a thing existing in Nature, the *Translator*, (who may be a *Fool*, but was never yet taken for A CONJURER,) thinks that he has hit upon it, without any trouble at all, and that it must certainly be "*CONTENTMENT!*" This is that *very Stone*, since it turns every thing it touches into *Gold!* This is that *Grand SECRET of Nature!* since the *poorest* Man in the World is *rich* with it, and the *Richest* Man is *Poor* without it!

MOTTO C. *The same,*
Utrumque Nostrum
Consentit Astrum!

The *Star* which shin'd propitious at our
 birth,

Consigns Us Both together to our Mother
 EARTH!

To the Honourable Mrs. WALTER. On
 Twin-Sisters who died the same Day, and
 were buried in the same Grave!

• FAIR MARBLE! tell to future days,
 That here two Virgin Sisters lye,
 Whose Lives from ev'ry mouth had praise,
 Whose Deaths gave tears to ev'ry eye!

In *Stature, Beauty, Age, and Wit,*
 They grew so much alike, and shone:
 That Death the mark most sure did hit,
 Since he mistook them Both for ONE.
 From this mistake, learn, Fair Ones! hence,
 The vanity of Human Life!
 And bid adieu to all pretence
 Of *Wit* and *Beauty's* chivious strife!

MOTTO.

NOTE.

• This first Verse is borrowed, and the second
 is somewhat altered.

MOTTO CL. The same.

Præceptum auriculis hoc instillare memento,
Ut te Fortunam, sic Nos te, Cesse, feremus!

To LORD DARTMOUTH.

Observe to instill this Præcept in his ear,
“As You your Fortune, so with You We’ll
bear!”

MOTTO CH. The same.

Si quis erat dignus descripti —
Quod *Mocchus* foret — aut *alioqui*
Famosus, multa cum libertate notabat!

To our Modern ARISTOPHANES, alias Mr.
FOOTE.

If there was one, who set up for a
SMIRK,
Or infamous for Villinous, Cheating Work,
Egad! he trimm’d him freely, in a jerk!

MOTTO

* MOTTO CIII.

In FOEMINAS:

Crede ratem Ventis, animum ne crede
PUELLIS!

Namque est *foemineâ* tutior unda fide:

"Foemina nulla bona est!" sed si bona
contigit ullæ,

Nescio quo fato res *mala* facta *bona* est!

On

N O T E.

* The Translator would think himself utterly inexcusable, and consequently unpardonable by The Ladies in particular, and his Readers in general, was he to insert this Epigram in his Collection without apologizing for it, by giving Them a true and just Account of it, which is as follows. Amongst the Fragments of *Petronius Arbitr*, (see Epigram the 33d.) is this Epigram written by one EUMOLPUS, but a most cruel Invektive against *the Sex*! But however, let not the Ladies be affronted, or even wonder at it, when They are told, "That he was one of those ridiculous *Asses*, called MACARONIES, FAIBLES, or whatever the Reader pleases, of *that* sort," (of whom we have too many in *this* age!) whose knowledge is limited by the curls or tail of their Hair, the top of a fine essenced

Snuff.

On W O M E N.

Trust to the Winds your *bark*, but trust not
EVE!

For *Woman's* Faith is falser than a Wave:

" No

N O T E.

Snuff-Box,, fancied *Sword-knot*, &c. who boast of their intimacy with such a *Duke* or *Lord*, with whom they never were in company: and of *Ladies Favours*, whom They never saw but at a *Play*, and that at a distance. EUMOLPUS was in his time reckoned a *fine Singer*: for so his Name, in the *Greek*, signifies, and, most likely, was given him on that account: (as the Roman Senator *Volumnius* was surnamed *EUTRAPHEUS*, as mentioned by *Horace* in one of his *Epistles*, for his smart, genteel turn for *Wit* and *Phastry*) but being, as is too often the case, one of those *Squeaking Coxcombs*, intolerably vain and insolent, from being admired by *some Ladies* for his Voice and Person, and boasting of his Gallantries with them amongst other Roman Ladies, the truth of which they strongly suspected. They took occasion one day at a *Public Entertainment*, to make him look MIGHTILY SMALL, to his great confusion and no less mortification! at this he went home in a very grumbling cue, and from that time commenced as great a

X

Woman

230. EPIGRAMS AND MOTTOES

"No Woman's good!" but if *some* share
that grace,

'Tis strange how *bad* for *good* should change
it's place!

Translated

N O T E.

Woman-Hater, as his noted *Brother* of *ATHENS*,
a *Man-Hater*; venting his spleen against the
Sex in the four Latin Verses as above; And
though the *Translator* of them thinks that this
Macaroni was very rightly served by these Roman
Ladies: Yet his Verses are too severe by far, as
well as false and unjust! for let the *Women-*
haters of this Age exclaim ever so much against
the perfidy, or impieties of any kind, of the
Fair-Sex, They will be hard put to it to prove
the truth of the *first* Words of the *third* Verse,
which are as monstrous as they are false! Let
Them search the pages either of *Ancient* or
Modern Times, and produce *Women* of *infamous*,
abandoned Characters for any sort of Vice, a
Sempronia or *Messalina*; and we will contrast
Them with a *Lucretia*, *Arria*, *Livia*, *Cornelia*,
or *Calpurnia*, *Women* of the most exalted charac-
ters, not in the *Christian* but the *Heathen* World!
—If our *modern fine Gentlemen*, and *Men* of *HO-*
NOUR (as They pretended to call Themselves)
are served by the Ladies, like *EUMOLPUS*, let
Them thank *Themselves* as being the *sole* cause of
it!

Translated into Greek.—(See Epigram 86.)

Πίμπι σκαφήν Ἀνεμοῖς, Φρεῖα μὴ πείνῃς γυναῖξί,
 Γὰρ κύματι φυσικῶς καφότιον ἐστὶ γυνή
 Πᾶσα γυνὴ φαῦλη ; — ἀλλ' εἰ καλά τίσις ὑπάρχει
 Οὐκ οὐδ' ἡ μοῖρα φαῦλον ἔγειτο καλόν !

ΜΟΤΤΟ

N O T E.

it ! They *first* endeavour to seduce the Sex, and then storm unmercifully, if They find Themselves deceived in their turn, and exposed to their confusion ! and, let them well remember this one thing only, “ That had not *Lotbaris*, been *first* A VILLAIN, We had never heard of the wretched, unhappy *Callista* ! But the misfortune lies here ! and the *Translator* is extremely sorry to be under the disagreeable necessity of making the remark, “ That the present *false* and *corrupt* Method of Education of the *Fair Sex*, contributes not a little to their unhappiness and ruin ! They are furnished, too soon, through the unpardonable error of their *Parents*, with the *tinsel*, empty *fopperies* of Life, instead of having their Minds early seasoned with the principles of their *Religion*, and the love and fear of their GREAT CREATOR ! by which means their understandings would be garriioned against the vile assaults of those *Sons of SATAN* “ who lye in wait to deceive the Sim-

X. 2

ple

MOTTO CIV. *Juvenal.**Pellæo Juveni non unus sufficit ORBIS!**To the KING of PRUSSIA. — Epitaph on
Alexander the Great. (Ex tempore.)**In this small Urn the Youth of Pella lies,
Whom one whole WORLD itself could not
suffice!*

N O T E.

ple. Hence—*Unhappy Matches* would seldom happen, and they would then shine in the amiable characters of excellent *Wives* and *Mothers*, and valuable *Friends* and *Companions*! and thus the right and only foundation would be laid for their *present* as well as *future* happiness! —The *Translator* could wish not to have so much reason to speak this to *Parents* in *HIGH LIFE* and *easy Fortunes*, who are thereby much better enabled, and consequently have a much stronger duty upon them to make their *Daughters* *Ornaments* and *Examples* to the *Sex* in *lower spheres*, and *Blessings* to *Mankind in general*.

EPIGRAM.

To Mr. GARRICK.—(*Extempore*).

On seeing a promising Young Actor in Romeo,
at Drury-Lane Theatre, about three Months
ago.

FOOTE has his Jewel — COLMAN, Pearls a
cluster;
Yet GARRICK's Diamond shines with no
small lustre!

Another.

I trust honest GEORGE and SAM FOOTE will
well bear it,
That GARRICK's new Diamond dreads no
water near it.

EPIGRAM.—(Extempore)

To Mr. COLMAN.

*On seeing the promising New Actresses in the
Occasional Prelude at Covent-Garden Theatre.*

I'm much mistaken if that your *Barfanti*
In time don't prove the Public's *Dilettanti*!

EPIGRAM.—(Extempore.)

To Miss POPE.

*In the Character of Dolly Snip, on her pre-
nouncing the word "familiarily" right (as
also other words of the like sort in other cha-
racters), which is required to be pronounced
wrong, in her Dialogue with Abram.*

Howe'er You try, TRUTH still will guide
your Tongue,
And scarce permit You ever to be wrong.

MOTTO

* **MOTTO CV.** *Ovid.*

Omnia vincit AMOR ! —

How pow'ful is **CUPID's** dart,
To smite ev'n **JOHNIANS** to the heart !

The *ancient* **CIRCE** was so fair,
Her Voice was so divine !
She did Mens easy hearts insnare,
Then turn'd Them into *Swine* !

Our

N O T E.

• The *Translator* was favoured with this beautiful Epigram by the worthy *Minister* of *Richmond*, when he was down there on a Visit in April 1771, and was told by him (if he remembers right) that it was written by the ingenious Mr. **SHARP** (a Fellow-Collegian and Friend of the *Translator's* and Brother to the eminent *Surgeon* of that Name in the *Old Jewry*) on account of some Ladies, Italian Singers, that came down to *Cambridge* on some Public *Musical* Occasion : and the *Strife* between the *Johnians* and
Tri-

296 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

Our modern CIRCES must excell
In spite of *Homer's* Pen :
See † brutish JOHNIANS grow genteel
And Hogs transform'd to MEN !

N O T E S .

Trinitonians (Gentlemen of *St. John's* and *Trinity* Colleges) which of them should shew these Ladies the greatest marks of Civility and Politeness.

† That the ingenious Author may not be thought by his Readers to bear hard upon his neighbouring College, the *Translator* thinks it but civil, as well as just, to vindicate him so far with Them, as to say, " That tho' the Members of that College (*St. John's*) were never reckoned (in general) remarkable for their Politeness and Gentility: Yet he had the pleasure, in his time (as he knows the Author had also) to be well acquainted with many, both Fellows and Under-Graduates, whose Behaviour shewed " That they had sacrificed to THE GRACES, as well as to MINERVA and APOLLO ! "

• MOTTO CVI. *Horace.*

— — — *fidem dicere VERUM*
Quid vetat ?

N O T E S.

• We are not a little indebted to the *Satirists* of every Age for stemming that *Torrent* of Vice and Wickedness, which would have gone nigh to have *overwhelmed* it, had it not been for their just and honest indignation ! Hence it is, That We so strongly admire Them All, from *Martial*, *Horace*, &c. down to *Pope*, *Swift*, &c. But among the many just and smart strokes of *Satire* in these *latter* Ages of the World which We are so apt to admire, the *Translator* does not recollect any that exceed *one* or *two* which he has formerly met with in the small course of his Reading in the Works of *The Ancients* ;—The *first* relates to *Dioxippus* the *Athenian*, who was in high favour with *Alexander the Great*, for his strength and dexterity at the *Athletic Exercises*. He was challenged, one day, by *Horratas*, a *Macedonian*, to single combat, in which he was Conqueror : as he entered into the City of *Athens*, in the triumphal manner of the *Olympic Conquerors*, and was gazed at by People in great crowds, he happened to cast his Eye upon

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME

To LORD CHESTERFIELD.

To speak THE TRUTH in Joke, why
not?

'Tis much the better way, I wot.

Wrote not a little indebted to the Author of every Age for turning the Town of Vice into a school of Virtue, which would have been a great improvement, had it not been for their neglect of it. Hence it is that I have not been able to find any more of this kind of writing. But I have found a few of the many good and useful strokes of satire among the many good and useful strokes of satire.

A YOUNG LADY of most distinguished beauty, and falling suddenly and violently in love, fixed them on her till he passed by, and then turning back his head, kept them still fixed upon her: which Diogenes, the Cynic Philosopher, observing, cry'd out to The Athenians, "And is THIS your Great Champion? only see how A YOUNG GIRL has twisted his Neck!" The other beautiful stroke of Satire is that of Demonax a Greek Philosopher, who when The Athenians were deliberating whether or no They should have the Shows of the Gladiators exhibited amongst Them as well as The Corinthians, advised Them, "not to VOTE for it, till They had pulled down the ALTAR OF MERCY."

• EPIGRAM.

To the honourable or dis-honourable Memory
of the late POPE CLEMENT the Fourth.

*Laus tua, NON tua Fraus, Virtus, NON Copia
rerum*

*! Scandere te fecit hoc deus eximium!
Pauperibus tua das—numquam stat janua
clausa :*

*Fundere res quæris, nec tua multiplicas ;
Conditio tua sit stabilis ! non tempore parvo
Vivere te faciat hic Deus Omnipotens !*

Your

N O T E.

* This Epigram was given to the *Translator* by an ingenious and worthy Friend of his, which he found in an old collection of Papers of above twenty Years standing. It was written by one *Ciaconius*, a *Dominican Friar*, in honour of POPE CLEMENT the Fourth : which if You read backwards, is quite the reverse, being a Collection of *Reproaches, Imprecations, &c.*—As there is something very uncommon and singular in it, the *Translator* thought it might not be unacceptable to his Readers in general, and his learned ones in particular, as having nothing of his own to give Them equal to it ; He has only endeavoured to translate it both ways.

240 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOES.

Your *Merit, Virtue*, NOT your Wealth or
Fraud

Has rais'd You to the Throne of *Papal Lord!*
The Poor You feed—ever open stands your
Gate :

Plenty You spread, nor aggrandize your
State,

Firm may your Station be ! and in it thrive !
And may *Th' Almighty* grant You long to
live !

Omnipotens Deus hic faciat te vivere parvo
Tempore ! non stabilis sit tua Conditio !
Multiplicas tua, nec quæris res fundere,
clausa

Janua stat, nunquam das tua Pauperibus;
Eximium decus hoc fecit te scandere rerum
Copia, NON *Virtus*, *Frans* tua, NON tua
Laus !

The Reverse.

May *Th' Almighty* make your life to be
But short ! your State too in Uncertainty !
Your Wealth You spread not but heap up :
your Door

Stands shut, nor ever give aught to the Poor ;
Plenty, NOT *Virtue* rais'd You to " The
Chair : "

Your Merit NOT, but *Fraud* that plac'd You
There !

MOTTO

MOTTO CVII. *Seneca.*

*Beneficia non in rebus datis, sed in ipsa
benefaciendi voluntate constant!*

*Gifts in themselves consist not, odd or even :
But in the will and manner how they're
giv'n*

QUEEN ELIZABETH going to *St. Paul's*,
towards the end of *July 1572*, to celebrate
the Feast of * *St. Elizabeth*, was met at the
Church-door by a *Beggar*, who asked Chari
of *Her Majesty* in † *LATIN*: The *Queen* look-
ing

N O T E S.

* She was the *Mother* of *St. John the Baptist*.
This was at the dawn of "The Reformation
from Popery."

† It being much talked at that time of day,
even by the middling and common sort of Peo-
ple! and the *Queen* was remarkable for both
writing and talking most excellent *Latin*, as
Y great

ing upon him somewhat attentively, remembered that this same man had presented himself to Her at the door of the Chapel-Royal on the same Occasion; on which, the *Queen* addressing Herself to her *Lord Treasurer BURLEIGH* and to those that were near her Person, told Them, somewhat hastily, in the same Language, "*Pauper ubique jacet!*" "*(The Poor lyes every where!)*" The *Beggar* feeling the reproach, answered the *Queen* immediately by the following *Epi-gram*,

In thalamis, REGINA! tuis, hac nocte ja-
cerem:

Sic foret hoc verum, "*Pauper ubique jacet!*"

In your bed, O QUEEN! I'd lye this night:
Thus, "*That the Poor lyes ev'ry where,*"
You're right.

It

N O T E.

great care had been taken of her Education in the learned Languages, having had for her Preceptors in *Greek* and *Latin*, three as eminent, at that time, as any in Europe, *Sir John Cheke*—the famous Scotch Poet, *George Buchanan*—and *Roger Ascham*.

It is said that *Her Majesty* was so exceedingly surprized at this quick and unexpected reply from the *Beggar*, that she stopped and ordered the *Lord Treasurer* to give him **TEN**
† CROWNS.

N O T E.

† A great sum of Money at that time (300 Years ago) to be given to a *Beggar*! — There is nothing which reflects a more beautiful lustre on a *Great Mind* than the conferring a Favour with a good Grace. This meets the Petition, as it were, half way, and fully justifies that fine old Latin Proverb, “*Bi dat, qui cito dat!*” that is, “He gives twice, who gives quickly!” The Translator trusts that he has no occasion to apologize to his Readers, (especially the *Ladies*) for the following beautiful Instance of *this* sort, added to this of the *Queen’s*. He met with it in the life of a certain *Cardinal*, (whose name he has forgot) who by the multitude of his generous actions, arising from a truly noble and liberal soul, was called emphatically,

“*The Patron of the Poor.*” The Cardinal had a custom, it seems, to give a public Audience, once or twice a week, to the *Poor* in the Hall of his Palace, and to relieve every one according to their various necessities, or the motions of his own Generosity. It happened one day, that a poor *Widow*, encouraged by the fame of his Liberality, came to the Hall with her *only Daughter*, a most remarkable Beauty, and very young. When *she* came, in her turn, to be heard among the rest of the Petitioners, the *Cardinal* observing an extraordinary modesty in her face and behaviour, as also in her Daughter’s, He encouraged her to tell her Wants freely, which she did with blushing and tears, in the following manner.—“My Lord,” said she, “I owe
 “for the rent of my House *Five Crowns*: but
 “my misfortune is, that I have no other way
 “to pay it than what would break my heart, as
 “my Landlord threatens to force me to it,
 “which is, to prostitute this my *only Daughter*,
 “whom I have hitherto trained up in the paths
 “of Piety and Virtue: What I am come to
 “beg of your *Eminence* is, that you would be
 “pleased to interpose your authority, by protecting Us from the violence of this cruel
 “man, till by our honest Industry We shall be
 “able to procure the money for him.” The
 Cardinal, moved with compassion at her truly
 pitiable Case, and admiring her *Virtue* and Modesty, “bid her be of good Courage.” He
 directly

directly wrote an *Order*, and giving it to her,
 “ Go, said He, with this to my *Steward*, and he
 “ shall deliver *Five Crowns* to you for the pay-
 “ ment of your *Rent*.” The Poor Woman
 overjoy’d, and most heartily thanking the *Car-*
dinal, went directly to the *Steward* and gave him
 the *Order*, which when he had read, he told out
 for her *Fifty Crowns*. She, astonished at this,
 and fearing it was only a trick of the *Steward*’s
 to try her honesty, refused taking above *Five*,
 saying, “ That she mentioned only *Five* to the
 “ *Cardinal*, and therefore was sure that there
 “ must be some mistake:” The *Steward*, on
 the other hand, insisted on his Master’s *Or-*
der, not daring to call it in question: but all
 he could say was not able to prevail with her
 to take any more than *Five*; however, to end
 the dispute, he offered to go back with her to
 the *Cardinal*. When they came before him,
 and he was informed fully of the matter, “ It
 “ is true,” said he, “ I mistook in writing
 “ *Fifty Crowns*; give me the Paper again, and
 “ I will rectify it;” upon which He wrote
 again, saying thus to the Woman, “ So much
 “ *Virtue* and *Honesty*, Good Woman! deserves
 “ a recompense indeed! I have now ordered
 “ you *FIVE HUNDRED Crowns*! What you can
 “ spare of it, lay aside as a *PORTION* for your
 “ *Daughter in Marriage*!”

* MOTTO CVIII.

Βλέπτε τὸ Κύνος.

To CHARLES VERE, Esq. Fleet-street, and
all those honest CITIZENS who are desirous
(on Vacancies) of coming into The COURT
of ALDERMEN.

A kind Caution.

As we are warn'd 'gainst eating *measly* Hogs:
So my advice is, "Pray, BEWARE OF
DOGS!"

MOTTO

N O T E.

* As this Greek MOTTO is taken from a very
old, musty Author, now-a-days seldom read, and
much seldomer practiced: the Translator conceals
his Name, as the Fellow did the Sparrow under
his Cloak, as he was walking in the Temple of
Apollo at Delphos, on purpose to excite Curiosity;
his learned Readers are well acquainted with it,
and from whence it is taken: but as the Ladies
and his English Readers may not understand it,
he very honestly assures Them, "That it con-
tains only this plain and usefull Caution, (as
above observed) — BEWARE OF DOGS!" —

Why the Citizens are cautioned here, wants some
explanation; — As the Translator was going home
to his Lodgings from Guildhall, on the Lord-
M. 1701. Day, where he had seen the various hu-

m. u. s

monrs of that famous *Raree-Show*, according to annual Custom of JOHN BULL's Family, of *eating, drinking, dancing, fighting, &c.*—passing by the *Paul's* Head Tavern, he saw a small piece of Paper lying by the door, carefully folded up, and putting it into his pocket, it being near twelve o'clock, opened it when he got home, and read as well as he could make it out, being badly written and spelt, and (much being torn off) as follows;—WILKES a SAD Dog.

HALIFAX, a SNEAKING Dog.

HARLEY, a SLY Dog.

SHAKESPEARE, a DRUNKEN Dog.

LADBROKE, an Un-LUCKY Dog.

ESDAILE, a VULGAR Dog!

Here, Gentle Reader, to both our misfortunes, this *most valuable*, Mann-script was torn off: which most likely described the CANINE *infatuation* of the rest of their *Aldermanships*; why These above are *so* called, the *Translator* is not Conjuror enough in *CITY-Politics* to satisfy his *Readers*, and so must leave it to their superior judgment and sagacity to find out: But as a Friend to *The City*, he thought it his duty to communicate this *lucky* discovery, and to put them on their guard, as PATRIOTISM flies so much about, both at *St. James's* and *Guildhall* in its *Harlequin-dress*, to the entertainment of *some*, and the astonishment of *others*!—What a sad thing it is that our Parliament-Men won't screw up their *Patriotism* to such a pitch on the STATE FIDDLE, as to lay a Tax upon Dogs, and take it

it off from *Porters*, to reduce it to *three-pence* per *Pot*, as formerly! Mercy on Us! what *Huzzas*, *Shouts*, and *Acclamations* from all the *Porters*, *Carmen*, *Coachmen*, &c. They would have about the two *Houses*! what *dancings* by the *Poor Dogs*, and *Caperings* by the *Rich* ones! the *first* in getting *Porter* at the *old* price, and the *last* almost out of their wits how to raise the *Tax*, especially as They *must* include in it a certain kind of *Dogs* called *SAD DOGS*: too many of which are now running about the *Nation*, "seeking," like their old Friend *BELZEBUB*, "whom They may devour!" what a glorious thing it would be for the two *HOUSES* to lay the *easy* and *gentle* *TAX* of only *ONE HUNDRED Pounds* per annum, as it would be so *sure* a means of making excellent *Husbands*, *Fathers*, *Friends*, &c.—If our great *Pali-nurus* (or *Pilot*) of *The Britannia*, *LORD NORTH*, would, for once, accept a *Scheme*, from a *Poor Scholar*, for a *Tax* that has been so long talked of, it is humbly submitted to his consideration, as follows,

	l.	s.	d.
Every Pack of <i>Stag</i> , <i>Buck</i> , or } <i>Fox-Hounds</i> , per annum, }	10	0	0
<i>Harriers</i> _____	5	0	0
<i>Pointers</i> and <i>Seting Dogs</i> , _____	2	0	0
<i>Greyhounds</i> and <i>Spaniels</i> , _____	1	0	0
<i>Common Dogs</i> _____	0	10	0
<i>Lap Dogs</i> , <i>Parrots</i> , and <i>Monkies</i> _____	5	0	0
<i>SAD DOGS</i> _____	100	0	0

The

The *Translator* begs his Readers pardon for this Digression : but though he does not pretend to the name of *Patriotism*, yet He loves his *King* and *Country* too well to omit pointing out to our *Premier* any thing for his *Lordship's* Credit, or the Good of the Nation ! To return therefore now to the *Author* of his *Motto* ; Though He uses it *figuratively*, yet his *Fair* Readers may use it also *literally*, by which they have a *double* advantage ; but as the *figurative* sense may be of very particular service to Them, they will easily see at the end of his *Scheme* for a Tax, of what kind of *Dog* it is, of which They are told to beware. — As to the *Author himself*, the *Translator* has only this to say of him, “ That if our *Nobility* and *Gentry*, would but, for once again revive the good *old fashion* of their *Fathers*, of reading him with that pleasure as they do a *Play*, *Romance*, or *Novel*, and practice him with that glee as They do *Hoxley* or any other modern *Author* that ministers to their Pleasures, We should not then be over-whelmed with a Deluge of Vices as We are, of *Bribery* and *Corruption*, *barefaced Villainy* and *sneaking Hypocrisy*—*open Adulteries*, *Perjuries*, and *Bankruptcies*, *Profaneness* and *Irreligion*, with a shamefull and scandalous Train of Vices not fit to be mentioned !—To put an effectual stop to all these, and entirely recover the *ancient lustre* of the *British Nation*, the *Translator* has a *Plan* in his possession for LORD NOTH's Perusal, drawn up from some
most

most valuable Papers of A STATESMAN, well-known to be equal at least, if not far superior to the whole race of PRIME MINISTERS, and FINANCIERS, from the times of MACÆNAS, under the old Roman Emperor AUGUSTUS, down to the late Mr. CHARLES TOWNSHEND, and (without any disparagement) even to his LORDSHIP himself! But if his PLAN (which consists of only NINE Particulars) does not most effectually *re-build* this poor, tottering FABRIC, and support it on *sub* Pillars as shall hold out with old TIME himself: He will be so far from even thinking of the least reward for himself either in CAPTAIN or SENATOR, that (according to an old GRACIAN Law, if he remembers right) if it failed of *itself*, on proper and full execution of it, He would be bound to be put to death directly.

MOTTO

* **MOTTO CIX.** *Mercurius Londinensis.*

Ecce SIGNUM.

To all such of our **NOBILITY and GENTRY,**
MERCHANTS and TRADESMEN at both
ends of the Town, who are so prudent as to
fix up at their Houses **AN ATCHIEVEMENT**
(commonly called **AN HATCHMENT**) on the
loss of an Husband or Wife.

The honest man a **SIGN** hung out
To get another **WIFE**, no doubt !

MOTTO

N O T E.

* The *Translator's* Compliments to Them,
and congratulates Them most cordially upon
this ingenious and wise piece of respect paid to
the memory of their *dearly beloved* Spouses, as it
so

† **MOTTO CX. Horace.**

Nec meus hic sermo est : sed quem præcepit

OPELLUS,

Rusticus, abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva.

To

N O T E.

so well answers the conjecture of an honest Country-Fellow, who being asked the other day, what he took it to be, as he was driving his Team along Cornhill, told a smart Citizen, who had very lately put one up, "That it moight be, " may'haps, A **ZIGN** hung out for another " **WOIFE:**" The *Cit* being thus prick'd by an *Hob-nail*, was not a little vexed: but still urg'd by Curiosity, asked him further what he thought the *Latin Motto*, "**IN COSLO QUIET,**" meant? *Clod* answered, with a leering grin, "Why, Wanted here another *Woife* to be zure." The *Translator*, as far as He understands *Latin*,

To Mr. MOODY, in the Character of TEAGUE
in "The Committee," or "Faithfull Irish-
man."

"The d——l burn me!" if this speech is
mine,

But what my Cousin PADDY has here taught:
Whose *honest Nature* does our mirth refine,
Which from the air of *Dublin* he has caught!

Z

MOTTO

N O T E.

Latin, thinks *Clod*'s Interpretation of it is not
amiss, as *that* perhaps is the *true, real English*.
However, he can't help observing, at the same
time, the most *affectionate* and *gentle* Compli-
ment paid by this MOTTO to the *deceased Party*:
the meaning of which is literally, "IN HEAVEN
"there's rest!" But does not this then plainly
imply, "That on EARTH there was none?"
Else, why have we so much work at *Dokors Com-
mons* about DIVORCES and SEPARATE BEDS,
with a long train of *Et ceteras*?—the *comforts* of
MODERN Matrimony, and full *Proofs* of their
rest and happiness here on Earth!

54 EPIGRAMS and METROS

NOTE.

† The *Translator* has endeavoured to adapt his *Motto* to the subject of this *Note*, owing to some *Iricisms* of a new kind by a *Lad*, who lived not long ago with one *Mr. Quin*, late a Merchant in Throgmorton-street. The Account of him is a real Matter of *FACT*, as communicated to the *Translator* by a pleasant Friend of his: for which reason, as well as his *Iricisms* being placed in a new light, he hopes it will be the more entertaining and acceptable to his *Readers*. *Mr. Quin*, being an *Irishman* himself, would have his servants so too: accordingly sent over to *Dublin* for a Foot-boy. *Paddy* came, and after having been with his Master about a week, was sent with the *Clerk* to the *General-Post-Office*, that he might know the way another time when he was sent by *himself*; soon after, *Paddy* was sent, and coming to the window there, (which was very different from what it is now: being *then* open, and the letters thrown in promiscuously) he staid awhile, as the *Clerk* was busy delivering out Letters, when the following Dialogue began between them:

PADDY. Arrah! my dear Shoy! have You got now any Letters here for my Master?

CLERK. Who's your Master, my Lad?

PADDY

PADDY. What! and You don't know my Master now?

CLERK. No—*your* Master! how the d---I should *We* know the Masters of *All* that come here for Letters?

PADDY. By Shaint Patrick now! I must go back again to know it Myself—*(Is going but stops short)*—Why Mr. *Quin*, a Merchant, in Throgmorton-street.

CLERK. Yes—here is *one* Letter for him.

PADDY. Well—and what price will you be after now to sell it out at?

CLERK. *Two and Four Pence.*

PADDY. *Two and Four Pence!* Aye, by Jasus! What! You're after imposing upon Me now, becaze You see I am a raw Lad just come over from *Dublin*. Why, the d---I burn Me! did'nt I see You selling them out but just now, before these eyes of my mine, at three-pence and a groat a piece?

CLERK. I can't take a farthing less for it, as *that* is the *Postage* of it.

PADDY. Here and be after taking your Letter back again. I'll go home and tell my Master of it.

356 EPIGRAMS and MOTTOS

(He goes home and relates what passed.—His Master smiled, and bid him return and give the Money for the Letter;—accordingly he returns.)

PADDY. Arrah! my Hoaney! I have been and told my Master—and what will You take less now?

CLERK. Not a farthing, my Hoaney! (*Jeering him.*)

PADDY. (Seeing numbers of Letters lying, and the Clerk turning about to speak to somebody, popped half a dozen into his pocket.)
 “There—be after now taking your *two* and *four* pence, and be giving me my Master’s “Letter.”—He returns to his Master with it, and pulling out of his pocket the other half dozen.—“There, Sir—There’s the letter—
 “But I told him as how he was after imposing upon You. However—I’ve been up with him, by Jasus, That’s what I have—for I’ve brought You here six more into the bargain for your Money;—five you are wellcome to, and this I’ll keep and send over to my Mother, as I have not sent her one since I came over from Dublin.”

The *Translator* thinks that this Affair would be no bad hint to Any One now writing, or intending

intending to write an *Irish Character*, as it contains a *new species of Iricisms*, and would, in the hands of a Man of *Genius*, furnish an excellent Scene, which might be laid in Lombard-Street, called "*The Post-Office Scene*."

TO THE KING, QUEEN, AND ROYAL

TO THE LORDS OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL,

TO THE LORDS OF THE TREASURY,

TO THE LORDS OF THE COMMONS,

TO THE LORDS OF THE SPIRITS,

TO THE LORDS OF THE JUDICATURE,

TO THE LORDS OF THE CHURCH,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ARMY,

TO THE LORDS OF THE NAVY,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MEDICINE,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF AGRICULTURE,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF COMMERCE,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MANUFACTURES,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDUCATION,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF SCIENCE,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDUCATION AND LITERATURE,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF SCIENCE AND ARTS,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDUCATION AND LITERATURE,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF SCIENCE AND ARTS,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES,

TO THE LORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES,

Z 3 **Motto**

MOTTO CXI. *The same.*

O TUTELA præfens
Italia, Dominæque **ROMÆ!**

To the * **KING, [QUEEN, and ROYAL
FAMILY.]**

Our present **SAFE-GUARD of THE STATE!**
On whom all our best wishes wait!

N O T E.

* **A C A R D.**

BRITANNIA's love and blessing to all her dear *Children*, the good People of *England*: and is extremely sorry to tell Them how very unwelcome and afflicting any Paragraph in *The Public Papers* is to her, that tends to clog the *Wheels* of **GOVERNMENT**, by discovering a *factions* and *rebellious* Spirit: and so insulting HER, through the sides of her amiable and excellent **GUARDIAN**; She hopes, therefore, that for **HIS, HER's, and THEIR OWN** sakes, they will be so dutifull as to observe this her most earnest and affectionate **ADDRESS!** and only to consider with *Themselves*, " that (from the
many

many sleepless hours and anxious cares of their SOVEREIGN for *their* Wellfare and Happiness)
“ A CROWN is not always made up of ROSES
“ only, but a THORN will be too often found
“ to intrude itself amongst them, which makes
“ A KING always to be *pity'd*, but never to be
“ *envy'd* !” — When they consider *this*, She
hopes that they will ALL, in their *several* sta-
tions (from the PRIME MINISTER down to the
lowest Subject) so use their best endeavours, as to
make HIM as easy and happy as possible (if it
is only for the QUEEN's *sake*, whom *She* well
knows they ALL love and adore !)

BRITANNIA's most sincere Wishes and fervent
Prayers are daily offered up for the health and
happiness of her PROTECTOR and GUARDIAN,
and his *whole* ROYAL HOUSE ! and takes this
public opportunity of presenting her most duti-
full Compliments of Congratulation on THE
NEW YEAR to THEIR MAJESTIES and the
whole ROYAL FAMILY, in the fine old *Roman*
Form of Salutation,

“ MULTOS & FOELICES !”

“ MANY and HAPPY (*Years* !”)

most cordially wishing *Them* a return of as many
as may seem fit to THE GREAT KING OF
KINGS ! and hopes that a *real* and *sincere* love
for their KING and COUNTRY will so reign
in *Council*, both *Public* and *Private*, as to distin-
guish

guish the NEW YEAR with an unusual lustre,
 (by enabling Her *All* (through the *day* of
 HEAVEN!) to be A BLESSING to her FRIENDS
 and A TERROUR to her ENEMIES!
 NEW-YEAR'S DAY, ON THURSDAY, THE
 HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THIRD

BATANIA's most sincere Wishes and fervent
 Prayers are daily offered up for the health and
 happiness of her PROTECTOR and GUARDIAN,
 and his noble ROYAL HOUSE, and takes this
 public opportunity of presenting her most daily
 full Compliments of Congratulation on the
 NEW YEAR to their MAJESTIES and the
 whole ROYAL FAMILY, in the most Roman
 terms of adulation.

MOTTOES & EPIGRAMS
MOTTO
 I wish to see the NEW YEAR with an unusual lustre,
 (by enabling Her *All* (through the *day* of
 HEAVEN!) to be A BLESSING to her FRIENDS
 and A TERROUR to her ENEMIES!
 NEW-YEAR'S DAY, ON THURSDAY, THE
 HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THIRD

MOTTO CXII and LAST. *Horace and Ovid.*

Omne tulit PUNCTUM, qui miscuit UTILE
Dulci.

He that has mix'd THE USEFULL with *The*
Sweet,
Has (COBLER-like) made both his ENDS to
meet.

Primâ dicte Mihi ! Summâ dicende Camoenâ.

As You're, my Friends ! addrest to in my
first,
To be forgot *at last* ! Oh ! horrid and unjust !

The Translator to his Readers.

Exegi MONUMENTUM *Ære* perennius !

O R

Jamque OPUS exegi, quod nec *Jovis* ira,
nec ignes,

Nec poterit *ferrum*, nec edax abolere *vetustas* !

Of

Of which two famous Passages, as he fears he is not able to give a suitable Translation in *Poetry*, he will endeavour at it in *Prose*, (for *Novelty*-sake also) after having informed his fair *Ladies* and *English* Readers of one thing, which is this, "That the *Latin Word Translator* means in *English*, A COBLER;" and therefore, "That as he has now cobbled up A WORK by means of his *Head*, which is harder than *Brass*: so, in spite of the rage and fury both of COURT and CITY-Patriots, MOUNSEER TORRE'S *Fire-Works*, MAJOR STURGEON'S *Sword*, or even OLD FIRE-LOCK himself, (Time!) it will be thought to continue so to the end of his Life!" and is, with all due respect, and best wishes for their Health and Happiness, (whether in their SERIOUS or LAUGHING Hours) their Typical, Topical, Tropical, Ironical, Whimsical, Nonsensical, but most faithful and honest humble Servant,

THE TRANSLATOR.

December the 21st, 1772.

F I N I S.

To the READER.

N. B. *The Reader is desired to observe particularly the Marks of Reference of each MOTTO to each NOTE, as one and the same NOTE in this little Work is obliged to be carried over sometimes two or three leaves together.*

E R R A T A.

PAGE 1. On the top of the 1st Latin Passage, say, *Introductory Mottos*.—P. 34, Ep. 32 l. 6, read *gaudet*.—P. 36, Ep. 36, l. 2, read *hic*. P. 61, Ep. 55, read *Cerne*.—P. 64, for Ep. 57, read 58, and *so on* with alterations to page 67.—P. 85, at Motto xiv. (Latin) read *ulsciscitur*.—P. 89, on the top of the Latin passage, say, *MOTTO*.—P. 90, Note l. 3, read 64.—P. 90, Note l. 10, “scattered up and down the Public Papers” should be included in a parenthesis, thus () —P. 131, Note l. 6, for *at*, read *of*.—P. 135, l. 3, for *ye*, read *the*.—P. 136, Note, l. the last, for *dow*, read *down*.—P. 139, Motto 47, (Latin) read *Judex*.—P. 140, Note l. 13, read *Dignitaries*.—P. 166, Note, l. 15, at *Lady*, insert *A*.—P. 176, Note l. 13, read *natur’d*.—P. 178, Note, l. 3, read *Gbariots*.—P. 196, Motto lxxxii, (Latin) read *nôssi*.—P. 198, Note, l. 1, read *Wigs*.—P. 203, Note, l. 12, after *Women*, insert *their*.—P. 206, Ep. l. 2 read *veriest and lewdest*.—P. 212, In the Greek Ep. l. 2, read *O*.—P. 213, After the translation of the Motto, insert “*To the whole Body of the Jews*”.—P. 215, l. the last, before the word *D—D*, insert *Doctor*.—P. 225, read *MOTTO xcix*.—Last line of the Motto translated, for *Time’s* read *Time*.—P. 227, Motto cii. l. 2, read *Moechus*.—P. 231, l. 2, (Greek) put the apostrophe after the word *καποτερ ο’τορ*, thus *καποτερ’*.—l. 4, read *οιδ’*. P. 241, Motto cvii. read *To the memory of good Queen Bess*.

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